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LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1845.

REVIEWS

The Life of Adam Martindale, written by Himself, &c. Edited by the Rev. Richard Parkinson, B.D. Printed for the Chetham Society.

It is not often that antiquaries or joint-stock companies light upon a treasure of such interest as this autobiography—a genuine parochial history kept during the times of the Commonwealth; when, besides the interest of domestic and personal concerns, the minister became a worshipful chronicler as the exponent and rallying point of all holding with him in opinion. Adam Martindale, though belonging rather to the Poundtext than the Macbriar class of Nonconformists, and though sensitively alive to worldly gains and creature comforts, was by no means one of those timid and complaisant personages who might have been styled, according to the Puritan phraseology, a “nose of wax.” He had more than the average share of clerical attainment; wrote books as we shall see;—and his were days when it was required of the man who wrote, that he should have somewhat to say. In short, we find in his Diary much beyond a petty record of the changes “from the blue bed to the brown.” It is a racy, characteristic record: which will go to the heart of every Lancashire man, and indeed of every Englishman who cares for what is genuine in opinion and practice more earnestly than for the keeping of his own pet dogmas undisturbed.

To trace the events of this sterling person's life step by step is impossible; since there is a closeness of narration in his diary, by no means common—rendering compression singularly difficult. He was born at “the High Hayes by Mossebank, in that prettish neat habitation called then the new house,” in September, 1623; and his birth was marked by the omen of “a great losse which my fether sustained”—some traditional memory of which, probably, made our Adam to the end of his days not a little keen in taking care of the pence, and not leaving the pounds to take care of themselves! He had also a narrow escape from death or idiocy “when a poore daddling infant”—this also could hardly be lost on one of a thoughtful nature: to say nothing of a rescue from one of those marle pits in which we chance to know that the neighbourhood of Moss Bank abounded even unto this day. When he was six years old, “one Anne Simpkin” his godmother, who had “grown low in the world, but not in goodness, bestowed an A B C” upon him. From which gift sprung up, a year later, the ambition to learn. Another great impression was made on little Adam's mind by a domestic event: which was truly of some moment in those days—and, as all events of moment should be, is told by him with his best emphasis and discretion. We cannot choose but give it:—

“Towards the close whereof there fell out agrievous and troublesome businesse to our family wherein I had my share with the rest. The saddest part of it, which was the final issue, came about two years after, and shall be related in its proper season, but that which came within this Septennium was sad enough. There had lately been a great plague in London, causing many that had friends in the country to come downe, who having employments to returne unto, were full as hasty to goe up as consisted with safety; and my sister Jane having conversed with some of them, was as forward as they. Our parents and other prudent friends were against her going for many substantiall reasons:—1. She wanted nothing at home, nor was likely to lacke anything; and if she had a mind to be married, my father was then in a good ordinary capacity to preferre her. 2. She had no friends in London to go to. 3. It was feared the Cittie was not cleare of the plague, as it proved to her cost. 4. She had bene bred in a most pure air, and being of a fresh complexion and not very hardly,

'twas much to be questioned whether the citty aire would agree with her in the most healthfull times. But all these would not backe her. She measured not a competency by the same mete-wand that they did. Freeholders' daughters were then confined to their felts, pettiecoates and wastcoates, crosse handkerchiefs about their neckes, and white crosse-clothes upon their heads, with coifes under them wrought with black silk or worsted. Tis true the finest sort of them wore gold or silver lace upon their wastcoates, good silk laces (and store of them) about their pettiecoates, and bone laces or workes about their linnens. But the proudest of them (below the gentry) durst not have offered to weare an hood, or a scarf, (which now every beggar's brat that can get them thinks not above her,) noe, nor so much as a gowne till her wedding day. And if any of them had transgressed these bounds, she would have bene accounted an ambitious foole. These limitations I suppose she did not very well approve, but having her father's spirit, and her mother's beauty, no persuasion would serve, but up she would to serve a ladi as she hoped to doe, being ingenious at her needle. Moneyes to carrie her up and to subsist on awhile, till she got a place, was all she could handsomely desire, seeing she went against her parents' will, and that she was furnished with. But when it came to a going indeed, my mother's heart had like to have broke for extremity of sorrow, and indeed there was great cause for it, considering how irregularly her daughter broke away from her; and as she had reason to suspect it, so it proved, a final parting for this world, for they never after saw one another's faces againe. I also was much concerned both in her journey and my mother's griefe, for both of them were fond of me, and tooke me oft abroad with them. After her arrivall at the Cittie she was quickly infected with the pestilence. Yet it deale pretty favourably with her (perhaps too favourably, for she after had it againe), but though the pest was over the plague was not, for she was still kept shut up, and her money grew very low. Then with the prodigall, she thought oft upon the plenty of her fether's house, yet knowing upon what terms she had left it, she concealed her straits from us. Onclie in a gentle way she writ for a goosepie to make merrie with her friends; and a lustie one was immediately sent her, crased in twig worke; but before it could reach her (the carrier being three weekes in coming downe and returning), or the money that was sent with it to make her friends drinke as well as eate, that the goose might swim without her cost, her money grew so neare to an end, that she had thoughts to sell her haire, which was very lovely both for length and colour. At which instant a gentleman that went up in her company being fallen in love with her, (suspecting what her condition might be,) supplied her for the present, and shortly after married her. He had bene well borne and bred, but was master of no great matters in the world. They were thought very fit to keep an Inn, as accordingly they did at the George and Halfe-moone without Temple-Barre. This cost my father's purse to purpose in helping to set them in house, and my mother rarely failed any the returne of the carrier, to send them up country provisions, such as bacon, cheeses, pots of butter, &c.; nor did this at all trouble her, but ever when she thought of the necessitous condition of her daughter at her coming up (or some after), and her follie in concealing it from her, it even cut my poore mother to the heart.”

What a simple, tender, and touching episode—what a picture of country life in the seventeenth century, not an unworthy companion to that drawn by old Bishop Latimer!

Every chapter of Adam's diary is “improved” by wise reflections annexed corollary-wise, e.g. the following gloss upon sister Jane's “wandering thoughts:—

“Tis an old proverbe, that those that fare well and flit have St. Patrick's curse. I am sure many get to themselves (if not curses) yet crosses from a greater than he, when they are well and cannot be content, but wantonly change their station without just cause.”

We cannot but conclude the daughter's simple story, as told by her brother:—

“My sister at London hearing of my mother's

sickness, posts downe with all speed, having bought an excellent swift mare to that purpose, which performed the journey in short time, but for all that hast found her dead to her inexpressible sorrow, considering how she left her. After a short stay in the country she persuaded my father to goe up with her, (and indeed it was great charity, if she had not selfe ends in it, to give him that diversion.) However that was, it was concluded that her husband and she should come downe into the country to keep an Inn in Warrington, that so my father and she might be comforts and assistants one to another. But God in his wise and overruling Providence had determined otherwise. She lets the house in London, sends downe her portable goods (which being of the London mode, were admired by our plaine neighbours) and quickly comes downe her selfe, (her husband being got into the country before her.) But to shew that God doth what, when, and by what means he pleaseth, she that had escaped death twice, when infected with the plague, did but ride up to an inn doore on the road, for drinke in an hote day, and some children in the house being sick of the small pox, the smell thereof struck her to the heart, and before she could reach our house she fell very sicke, and in a short time after died, and was buried by my mother, upon the 5th of August, 1632. Two things concerning her were very remarkable:—1. Whereas my mother who, notwithstanding her beaultie, was very humble, lay with a clear and seemingly smiling countenance after she was dead, as if she had bene still alive; my sister that was too proud of hers became extremely ugly before she died, her face being sadly discoloured, and so swelled that scarce any forme of a visage was discernible.—2. That she was very penitent and devout in her sickness, as those that were much about her testified, else I was too young to take notice of such things, and it is likely the care of my friends would keep me at a distance from her, lest I should catch the distemper.”

The mind of Adam's father became weakened by his domestic troubles. But the above were not the last, for his son Hugh, we are told, “growing wild and unmanageable, did to all our griefes marrie a papist.” Nor were our diarist's education and establishment in life managed without difficulties and vicissitudes. In the house of Mr. Shevington, of “the Boother in Eccles Parish,” he was for awhile parcel chaplain, parcel tutor, parcel clerk and steward. But the household of this “high and tyrannical” man, was broken up on the arrival of Lord Strange with his army before Manchester:—

“It was in the Christmasse time that I was dismissed, in that fatal year, 1641. Going home to my father, he received me kindly; but things were now woefully altered for the worse from what I had formerly knowne them. My sister was married to a noted roayalist, and going to live about two miles from Lathom, which the parliament's forces accounted their enemies' head quarters, they were sadly plundered by those forces passing the road wherein they dwelt. The great trade that my father and two of my brethren had long driven, was quite dead; for who would either build or repaire an house when he could not sleepe a night in it with quiet and safetie? My brother Henry, who was then about twenty-four yeares of age, knew not where to hide his head, for my Lord of Derby's officers had taken up a custom of summoning such as he and many other persons, upon paine of death, to appeare at generall musters, and thence to force them away with such weapons as they had, if they were but pitchforks, to Bolton; the reare being brought up with troopers, that had commission to shoot such as lagged behind, so as the poor country-men seemed to be in a dilemma of death, either by the troopers if they went not on, or by the great and small shot out of the towne if they did. This hard usage of the country to no purpose (for what could poor cudgeliers doe against a fortified place?) much weakened the interest of the roayalists, (called the cavaliers,) and many yeomen's sonnes, whereof my brother Henry was one, went to shelter themselves in Bolton, and tooke up armes there.”

During these troublous times, Adam contrived to find a retreat at Rainford: where he occupied himself in “writing a booke of arithmetick for

whole numbers and fractions." It appears as if "his name was up" in Lancashire, for being a man of parts and promise; since he was sent for to "Leverpoole, by Col. Moore, who had come to garrison that town," to live with him "as his clearke." "He," continues Adam, "carried towards me prettie civilly:—"

"But his family was such an hell upon earth, as was utterly intolerable. There was such a packe of arrant thieves, and they so artificiall [skillfull] at their trade, that it was scarce possible to save anything out of their hands, except what I could carrie about with me, or lodge in some other house. Those that were not thieves (if there were any such) were generally (if not universally) desperately profane and bitter scoffers at pietie, and these headed by one that had a mighty influence over the colonell, and was (I never knew why) become mine implacable enemy."

Here is another scene—a perfect page from Defoe:—

"In this easie employment of clerk of the troop and depute quartermaster, I continued till the taking of Leverpoole by Prince Rupert; in which space of time, the garrison at Lathom making some sallies out in the night, did such exploits as the colonells for the parliament tooke for unsufferable affronts, and laid siege to it. This was instrumentall to bring an old hoese upon our heads: for the prince going to raise the siege at Yorke (where he received a great overthrow), the Earl of Derby brought him through Lancashire, where his army, after two smart repulses, tooke Bolton by storm, (the workes having bene slighted, and in very bad order,) putting about one thousand eight hundred to the sword. Then spreading themselves up and downe the countrey, made woefull worke wherever they came. My brother Henry was so lately married, that he easily secured those few goods he had, together with himself and his wife, in the garrison at Warrington. My brother Thomas secured himself and some choice goods there also, but the rest, together with his poore wife and children, were at the mercie of his enemies, who were so severe that they scarcely left his family any thing in the world to subsist on. But his great stocke of cattell were seized upon by a great papist in the neighbourhood, intentionally for his owne use, but eventually for my brother. But my poore father sped much worse, for they tooke the old man prisoner, and used him most barbarously, forcing him to march in his stockings, without shoes, and snapping his eares with their firelocke-pistolls. His house they plundered of everything they thought worth carrying away, in cartes which they brought to his doore to that purpose, and were sore troubled (Good men!) that the walls being stone, and the roof well shot over within, they could fasten no fire upon the house, though they severall times essayed so to doe. His stock of cattell they wholly drove away, and he never had an hoofe againe, amongst which was an excellent colt, almost readie for service, which, in regard of its high mettall and curious shapes, resembling its damme, which was a gallant mare, he valued an high rate. This, being exceeding hard to be taken, they were resolved to shoot, (out of perfect malice to him,) but at last, with difficultie, they caught her, and away she went with the rest."

We cannot undertake to trace the progress of Adam's life: but must give a trait of character, or a picture, as best we may. "Those were the times," as Mistress Quickly's ghost said to Goldsmith, when the schoolmaster abroad had other troubles to encounter than such as were bred 'twixt Cavalier and Roundhead. Some knowledge of the quarter-staff, no less than of the measuring-rod, was not wholly useless, as will be seen in the following passage. Adam was now appointed master of a school lately endowed at Whitley:—

"The income was not very great but well paid, and more at that time then now, the stocke bringing in after 8 per centum, and mine accidentall gettings (having a full schoole, and prettie store of rich men's sons in it, and opportunities for earning moneys by making writings for neighbours,) were a good addition to my salary. As for my diet, that cost me very little, for provision was very cheap, and a friend that had three sons under my care delt very kindly

with me for it. My scholars were (for all my youth) submissive and reverent in their carriage to me, and by God's blessing profited so well as to gaine me as much respect and interest in the neighbourhood as was good for me. But this sweet meat must have a little sower sauce, and so it had. A diminutive crosse here befell me, which might have proved a great affliction, but as God was pleased to order it as to the event, it shall go amongst the number of mine ordinary deliverances. A giganticke fellow that by the favour of a Colonell had bene a captain of horse (though never fit to be a corporall) married a widow in the Lordship of Over-Whitley, whose children were indeed free, as daughter-in-law to the founder. But this would not satisfie him, I must either receive also and teach freely three children of his by a former wife (borne in another parish) or he would force me by club law, threatening most hideously how terribly he would bang me, making no question of the feasibility by reason of the vast disproportion of our stature, and his resolution to get as great advantage of the weapon. Some interposed for peace between us, but to no purpose. Nothing would downe him but do it I should, or he would pay me off soundly. I was unhappily infected either by the breed I came of, or by being among soldiers so long, with a martiall spirit, that I could not understand and answer such language to his satisfaction, but tooke mine owne way. Hereupon one Saturday as I came from the schoole, without any weapon save a short hand-sticke about a yard long, he met me in a private lane neare his owne house, and after some rhodomontado language (which I despised) he let fly at me with a long staffe. I being very nimble and strong for my pitch, apprehending at the first blush that my stick would be unserviceable if we kept our ground, ran in upon him, receiving his blow upon my shoulder, where his staff lighting near his hand d me no hurt at all; and I forthwith clasping mine armes about his middle threw him downe into a sandy ditch, where we wrestled, fought, and tug'd it out for near an houre together, sometimes one and sometimes the other being under, during which time a child about four yeares old carried away both our staves and laid them acrosse a prettie distance from us. When I had him at advantage I never offered to do him any considerable harme, but when he got any advantage of me he most maliciously attempted to rend my cheekes with his fingers and thumbs; but though he thrust them so warily within my lips onely that my teeth could doe me no service, especially he having a strong pair of gloves, and reiterated his attempts thicke and threefold, it pleased God to enable me to loose his hold so quickly that I quite escaped that mischievous piece of villanie, which, if it had succeeded, would certainly have put me to a great deale of smart and cost in the cure, and probably have disfigured my face sadly, if it had not also spoiled my speech, as the like did to a bailiffe that I knew, who (perhaps because of the stiffness of his cheekes) could scarce speake intelligibly afterwards. But though I escaped this he was as good as his word; for two of his workemen in the next field were aware of us, and finding me upon such termes with their master as they little expected, pulled me off him, and held me while he fetched his staffe, and valiantly knockt me downe and broke my head most terribly; and that was not the greatest grievance to mee, for he also gave me so many bangs upon the armes, that when afterwards he commanded them to give me mine owne stick, I could doe nothing with it, nor scarce hold it in my hand."

Some little light, let us observe, is here thrown upon the usages of "manly combat," to which, as well as to those of manly sport, the English have been accustomed to make proud reference, when criticizing the "gougers" and "rowdies" of Western America.

Having seen justice and right triumph in the person of our stalwart pedagogue, we shall leave him "blessing God that nothing was broke but the peace and his pate, which, without any costs, was speedily well againe." But he plays the gossip concerning the rough old times of buff coat and bandalier so racily that we may seek another interview with him.

A Fragment on the Irish Roman Catholic Church.
By the late Rev. Sydney Smith. Longman & Co.

A fragment—literally a fragment—yet it has its value, and will do good service. The 'Memoranda' of subjects intended to have been introduced, shows clearly how and where the argument would have been enlarged and enforced; and it is fair to infer, that the present rough outline would have been modified. Still, though particular passages might have been reconsidered and revised, we doubt if something of the flavour of this racy sketch might not have been thereby lost. It opens in the old spirit:—

"The revenue of the Irish Roman Catholic Church is made up of half-pence, potatoes, rags, bones, and fragments of old clothes, and those Irish old clothes. They worship often in hovels, and in the open air, from the want of any place of worship. Their religion is the religion of three-fourths of the population! Not far off, in a well-windowed and well-roofed house, is a well-paid Protestant clergyman, preaching to stools and hassocks, and crying in the wilderness; near him the clerk, near him the sexton, near him the sexton's wife—furious against the errors of Popery, and willing to lay down their lives for the great truths established at the Diet of Augsburg. There is a story in the Leinster family which passes under the name of 'She is not well.' A Protestant clergyman, whose church was in the neighbourhood, was a guest at the house of that upright and excellent man the Duke of Leinster. He had been staying there three or four days; and on Saturday night, as they were all retiring to their rooms, the Duke said, 'We shall meet to-morrow at breakfast.' 'Not so (said our Milesian Protestant); your hour, my lord, is a little too late for me; I am very particular in the discharge of my duty, and your breakfast will interfere with my church.' The Duke was pleased with the very proper excuses of his guest, and they separated for the night;—his Grace perhaps deeming his palace more safe from all the evils of life for containing in its bosom such an exemplary son of the Church. The first person, however, whom the Duke saw in the morning upon entering the breakfast-room was our punctual Protestant, deep in rolls and butter, his finger in an egg, and a large slice of the best Tipperary ham secured on his plate. 'Delighted to see you, my dear vicar,' said the Duke; 'but I must say as much surprised as delighted.' 'Oh, don't you know what has happened?' said the sacred breakfaster.—'she is not well.' 'Who is not well?' said the Duke: 'you are not married; you have no sister living—I'm quite uneasy; tell me who is not well.' 'Why the fact is, my lord Duke, that my congregation consists of the clerk, the sexton, and the sexton's wife. Now the sexton's wife is in very delicate health: when she cannot attend, we cannot muster the number mentioned in the rubric; and we have, therefore, no service on that day.'"

When he has occasion to speak of Repeal, the true soldier of the church militant stands before us:—

"Sir Robert did well in fighting it out with O'Connell. He was too late; but when he began he did it boldly and sensibly, and I, for one, am heartily glad O'Connell has been found guilty and imprisoned. He was either in earnest about Repeal or he was not. If he was in earnest, I entirely agree with Lord Grey and Lord Spencer, that civil war is preferable to Repeal. Much as I hate wounds, dangers, privations, and explosions—much as I love regular hours of dinner—foolish as I think men covered with the feathers of the male *Pullus domesticus*, and covered with lace in the course of the ischiatic nerve—much as I detest all these follies and ferocities, I would rather turn soldier myself than acquiesce quietly in such a separation of the Empire. It is such a piece of nonsense, that no man can have any reverence for himself who would stop to discuss such a question. It is such a piece of anti-British villany, that none but the bitterest enemy of our blood and people could entertain such a project."

Yet he does justice to O'Connell:—
"After all, my dear Daniel, what is it you want?—a separation of the two countries?—for what purpose?—for your own aggrandisement?—for the grati-

flection of your personal vanity? You don't know yourself; you are much too honourable and moral a man, and too clear-sighted a person for such a business as this: the empire will be twisted out of your hands by a set of cut-throat villains, and you will die secretly by a poisoned potato, or pistolled in the streets. You have too much sense and taste and openness to endure for a session the stupid and audacious wickedness and nonsense of your associates. If you want fame, you must be insatiable! Who is so much known in all Europe, or so much admired by honest men for the *real* good you had done to your country, before this insane cry of Repeal? And don't imagine you can intimidate this Government; whatever be their faults or merits, you may take my word for it, you will *not* intimidate them. They will prosecute you again, and put down your Clontarf meetings, and they will be quite right in doing so. They may make concessions, and I think they will; but they would fall into utter contempt if they allowed themselves to be terrified into a dissolution of the Union. They know full well that the English nation are unanimous and resolute upon this point, and that they would prefer war to a Repeal. And now, dear Daniel, sit down quietly at Derrynane, and tell me when the bodily frame is refreshed with the wine of Bordeaux, whether all this is worth while. What is the object of all government? The object of all government is roast mutton, potatoes, claret, a stout constable, an honest justice, a clear highway, a free chapel. What trash to be bawling in the streets about the Green Isle, the Isle of the Ocean! the bold anthem of *Erin go bragh!* A far better anthem would be *Erin go bread and cheese, Erin go cabins* that will keep out the rain, *Erin go pantaloons* without holes in them!"

Sydney Smith's sovereign remedy is sovereigns—do justice of course, but above all things, pay the priests, and after a little decent flirtation, they will and they must take the money:—

"I am with you heart and soul in my detestation of all injustice done to Ireland. Your priests shall be fed and paid, the liberties of your Church be scrupulously guarded, and in civil affairs the most even justice be preserved between Catholic and Protestant. Thus far I am a thorough rebel as well as myself; but when you come to the perilous nonsense of *Repeal*, in common with every honest man who has five grains of common sense, I take my leave."

He tells the Irish, and truly, that clamorous as they are about making their own laws, all the best laws on the Statute Book have been made since the Union. But he returns again and again to his text—pay the priests:—

"One man wants to repair his cottage; another wants a buggy; a third cannot shut his eyes to the dilapidations of a cnscock. The draft is payable at sight in Dublin, or by agents in the next market town dependent upon the Commission in Dublin. The housekeeper of the holy man is importunate for money, and if it is not procured by drawing for the salary, it must be extorted by curses and comminations from the ragged worshippers, slowly, sorrowfully, and sadly. There will be some opposition at first, but the facility of getting the salary without the violence they are now forced to use, and the difficulties to which they are exposed in procuring the payment of those emoluments to which they are fairly entitled, will, in the end, overcome all obstacle."

"The most important step in improvement which mankind ever made was the secession from the see of Rome, and the establishment of the Protestant religion; but though I have the sincerest admiration of the Protestant faith, I have no admiration of Protestant hassocks on which there are no knees, nor of seats on which there is no superincumbent Protestant pressure, nor of whole acres of tenanted Protestant pews, in which no human being of the 500 sects of Christians is ever seen."

It is further recommended, that the British government should have an authorized agent at the court of Rome—"the sooner," he observes, "we become acquainted with a gentleman who has so much to say to eight millions of our subjects the better":—

"If it depended upon me, I would send the Duke of Devonshire there to-morrow, with nine chaplains

and several tons of Protestant theology. I have no love of popery, but the Pope is at all events better than the idol of Juggernaut, whose chaplains I believe we pay, and whose chariot I dare say is made in Long Acre. We pay 10,000*l.* a year to our ambassador at Constantinople, and are startled with the idea of communicating diplomatically with Rome, deeming the Sultan a better christian than the Pope."

He now draws, in his vigorous way, a bold sketch of the necessities, and its consequences, of the Irish church:—

"I maintain that it is shocking and wicked to leave the religious guides of six millions of people in such a state of destitution! If I were a member of the Cabinet, and met my colleagues once a week, to eat birds and beast, and to talk over the state of the world, I should begin upon Ireland before the soup was finished, go on through fish, turkey, and saddle of mutton, and never end till the last thimbleful of claret passed down the throat of the incredulous Haddington: but there they sit, week after week; there they come, week after week; the Piccadilly Mars, Scotch Neptune, Themis Lyndhurst, the Tamworth Baronet, dear Goody, and dearer Gladly, and think no more of paying the Catholic clergy, than a man of real fashion does of paying his tailor! And there is no excuse for this in fanaticism. There is only one man in the Cabinet who objects from reasons purely fanatical, because the Pope is the Scarlet Lady, or the Seventh Vial, or the Little Horn. All the rest are entirely of opinion that it *ought* to be done—that it is the one thing needful; but they are afraid of bishops, and county meetings, newspapers, and pamphlets, and reviews; all fair enough objects of apprehension, but they must be met, and encountered, and put down. It is impossible that the subject can be much longer avoided, and that every year is to produce a deadly struggle with the people, and a long trial in time of peace with O' somebody, the patriot for the time being, or the general, perhaps, in time of a foreign war."

Here is a picture of what a Protestant bishop should be:—

"What peace and happiness such a man as the Bishop of London might have conferred on the Empire, if, instead of changing black dresses for white dresses, and administering to the frivolous disputes of foolish zealots, he had laboured to abate the hatred of Protestants for the Roman Catholics, and had dedicated his powerful understanding to promote religious peace in the two countries. Scarcely any bishop is sufficiently a man of the world to deal with fanatics. The way is not to reason with them, but to ask them to dinner. * * Providence gives us generals, and admirals, and chancellors of the exchequer; but I never remember in my time a real bishop—a grave elderly man, full of Greek, with sound views of the middle voice and preterperfect tense, gentle and kind to his poor clergy, of powerful and commanding eloquence; in Parliament never to be put down when the great interests of mankind were concerned; leaning to the government when it was right, leaning to the people when they were right; feeling that if the spirit of God had called him to that high office, he was called for no mean purpose, but rather that, seeing clearly, and acting boldly, and intending purely, he might confer lasting benefits upon mankind."

We shall conclude with a characteristic paragraph:—

"For advancing these opinions, I have no doubt I shall be assailed by Sacerdos, Vindex, Latimer, Vates, Clericus, Aruspex, and be called atheist, deist, democrat, smuggler, poacher, highwayman, Unitarian, and Edinburgh reviewer! Still, *I am in the right*,—and what I say, requires excuse for being trite and obvious, not for being mischievous and paradoxical. I write for three reasons: first, because I really wish to do good; secondly, because if I don't write, I know nobody else will; and thirdly, because it is the nature of the animal to write, and I cannot help it."

The Moral Phenomena of Germany. By Thomas Carlyle, Esq. "of the Scottish Bar." Painter.

It is necessary to add the particular description quoted, to distinguish the writer from the Scotch historian of the French Revolution and critic

on German literature. Their minds and styles are, indeed, discriminated by such broad differences, that the most unsuspecting reader, who might be otherwise deceived, would by the perusal of one page be admonished of his mistake. Our Edinburgh advocate, however, is not unread in German lore nor indifferent to German manners, as his present book evinces. He shows, however, no philosophical insight, but only a pietistic meditateness; and sees, in speculative infidelity, the root of the practical evils that came to maturity in the French Revolution. He is not the first man who, in the logic school, has put the cart before the horse. With the War of Liberation, Mr. Carlyle recognizes a new era. He sides with the "German pietists" against "irreligion and rationalism," using the last as convertible terms,—a point on which we commend him to read Dr. Arnold. To the moral eminence of Prussia Mr. Carlyle bears honourable witness, and of the present king speaks in the highest praise. He is ready to break a lance for him against all gainsayers, and insists that this monarch has done all that he ever promised, and promised all that he ought in prudence and duty. Constitutional principles in Germany, so frequently arrayed against the king, are, our author tells us, "subversive of monarchy and good order, and associated with infidel illumination." Such principles are well enough for England, but will not bear transplanting. Mr. Carlyle loves the principle of unlimited monarchy for itself, and talks of a king's heart being filled by Heaven "with royal wisdom, as no heart can be filled but that of a king," and advocates the necessity of his being personally known and felt in the administration of government. In fact, the paternal system of Prussia is the author's ideal;—while, unfortunately, "the British throne already totters on the base of a salary,"—and, more unfortunately still, "the English are insolent to hirelings." We confess ourselves, however, at a loss for materials to confirm this latter statement; for we believe that, if Queen Victoria and Prince Albert be hirelings as predicated, there have been few holders of dominion as "personal estate" more flattered by their subjects;—nay, courtly adulation among the people has lately been a sign of the times even calling for special remark and censure. We have shown enough to characterize Mr. Carlyle's book, and our readers will not be surprised in finding that, in his opinion, the English likewise are no lovers of aristocracy, and that the Germans are (the members of "Young Germany" excepted); but that it is "one omen of good, that *Young England* would restore what *Young France* and *Young Germany* would combine to abolish." Notwithstanding, however, Mr. Carlyle makes many sound and good remarks on the relations between peer and peasant, nor does he ill distinguish between the different merits of the English and the German noble. His opinions, too, on ecclesiastical matters are decided and intelligible; for he tells us, in a word, that Tithe is the Church. The neglect of this principle he states to be injurious to German society, and deprives the household of that corporate life which he thinks essential. Individualism and Protestantism are alike in extreme in families and institutions; yet "the Bible is more boasted in than read: the national idol, 'Gottes Wort,' the impersonal foundation and judge of protestants, is, like every idol, barren." Moreover, there is among the Germans a false longing for emotion, by which they have been led to "quaff greedily the cup of Goethe's devilry and Bulwer's licentiousness." We must now quote:—

"No one can fail to admire the strength of domestic affection so frequently and naïvely exhibited among Germans. But where its ardour does not operate as a family bond, the sense of obligation too often fails. With all his apparent hebetude, the German is, to

an almost incredible degree, the creature of impulse. And where that impulse runs counter to duty, there lies his greatest danger. While parents and masters fail in due attention to those under them, the relations of children to parents, of servants to masters, bear few marks of any real faith in guidance, or of any self-denying submission to control; and although servants are not so insolent or corrupt, they are more passionate and lawless than in England. The multiplication of the legal grounds of divorce beyond those recognized by the Church, so as to bring the conscientious among the clergy into the most painful dilemmas, show how loose are the domestic ties; how lightly regarded the breach of them; and, on the falsest pretences, how frequently the postponement of duty to feeling, in accordance with the 'Wahlverwandschaften' of that arch-corrupter, Goethe. It is not uncommon for a man to have been married to six surviving spouses in succession. A lady has been known to sit at a card-table with three successive husbands. So jealous are the Germans of their privileges in this matter, that no proposed law has produced greater excitement among them than one intended to set marriage on its scriptural basis; to limit the grounds and increase the solemnity of divorce; and to stamp with reprobation the offending party. It is even said that many couples, who anticipated an ultimate separation, have hastened it, to avoid the operation of the new law."

Such a statement as this must be taken of course with grains of allowance: there is evidently a bias in the mind of the writer—he treats the subject as an advocate, not a witness. Similar, too, is the spirit in which he brings a railing accusation against Luther, and the Sabbath-breaking habits of his modern disciples, their mammonolatry, and subservience to Jewish influence. In Poland the Jew is, says Mr. Carlyle, "the mortgagee of the earth—in Holland, the receptacle of its gold—in Germany, the astute student of its learning. And whether by relaxations on the part of Christian governments, or by compromise on his part, there is no province of literature, and scarce any of public employment, into which he has not crept, and where he is not felt." Mr. Carlyle's fears in the Jew "stick deep." The "Judaico-Christian literati" are his especial terror. The student of German literature is the member of a recognized republic; yet "it is the hardest thing in the world to transfer anything German out of the region of discussion into that of transaction." But the chief evil is, that the new style of composition is employed by the "coryphæi of liberalism." According to Mr. Carlyle, Hegelism is nothing better than atheism, and, notwithstanding its esoteric abstruseness, calculated for popular acceptance in its exoteric relations. "It contradicts nothing: it confounds, neutralizes, and eliminates all objects of personal faith." Mr. Carlyle is literally frightened;—we are inclined to think, ludicrously so:—

"Germany, with such a volcano in its bosom, stands in two very opposite relations to the countries around it on the one hand, and to America on the other. However oppressive in its character, and extravagant, if not ludicrous, in its consequences, the Roman Catholic tyranny over literature and science was the controversies of Bonn and Paris between the Church and the University have abundantly proved, that if unlawful exercise of control over learning is an evil, its absence is one still greater. Lawless thoughts need but contact with lawless hands to destroy the world. The German has hitherto dealt with the algebra and logarithms, not with the real quantities, of knowledge. The American, essentially a doer, has sought for principles to realize. Each has found what he sought. The American, without history or pedigree even in literature, unmellowed and unclothed, a *novus homo* in the world, has expressly avoided drawing from British sources, lest his doing so should compromise his liberty, and bring him under bonds to ancient institutions. The influx of American students, as well as English Dissenters and Scottish Presbyterians, into Germany, and their translations of German works, testify how congenial they find the soil of philosophical licence and religious

lawlessness. The caricature, compounded of German pedantry and American slang, of words pregnant with classic import bought up by the gross and mis-kept in the 'go-a-head' colloquial style of the new country—the sight of ancient garb and gait, plundered from the owner, and misfitted to the wearer, is not a little amusing. But the German has a secret joy in seeing his thoughts realized abroad to an extent which he dare not even imagine at home. What will come of it remains to be seen; but the marriage is one which augurs an evil progeny. On the other hand, while the German philosophy is rendered more liberal by being transplanted to America, it is that which fosters the liberalism and infidelity of its continental neighbours. The Dane, the Swede, the Frenchman, the Italian, the Greek, the Hungarian, and even the Turk, but most of all the Russian, turns to Germany, in the hope of emancipation from the trammels of ancient prejudice. In Russia, the ruler and the ruled, though with different ends, seek, by a rare coincidence, the same things; the Emperor, seeking to cope with Europe by improving his intellectual breed, as a farmer his cattle; the people, stealthily awakening to a consciousness of their wants and of their power. The education, in search of which the literary emissaries of Russia are spread abroad, has no professed connexion with religion. Indeed it cannot; for it is sought at the hands of heretics. In point of fact, it will soon subvert the institutions it is intended to sustain. Germany is the great magazine for every freethinker and liberal of northern Europe. And this is the more remarkable, when we consider that there never was a time when she was nationally more at antipodes with both Russia and France; hating the duplicity, tyranny, and ambition of Russian character and policy to such a degree, that nothing but the alliance of the courts prevents a rupture; and holding everything French at a discount, to an extent which her increased power now renders safe. It is in vain to imagine that the German censorship, justifiable and expedient or not, well or ill administered, has any efficacy in correcting the evils of German literature. Continental governments, professing to keep the peace of this world only, are generally so careless of the higher interests of man, and so sensitive as to political offences, that the censorship which they exercise cannot be duly directed. Political disturbance is the great bugbear of every continental functionary. In many countries criminality is attached to the use of certain words, even though that use be exactly the opposite of evil; upon much the same principle as that upon which the Roman Catholic finds a warrant for the worship of the saints in Rev. xxii. 8. And if a man, with his tongue or pen, only steer clear of politics, he is accounted harmless. Religious faith and moral principle, being regarded as mere matters of speculation, or as things affecting only the world to come, are exempt from the censor's control. If a book contain one or two political remarks, perhaps useful, it is suppressed; but the most subtle licentiousness, flagrant immorality, subversive scepticism, destructive heresy, and revolting blasphemy, pass by wholesale. The censorship, as the conservator of public religion or morals, truly strains at a gnat and swallows a camel, because the censor himself either is an abettor of the evil, or cannot reach to where it truly lies."

Mr. Carlyle would put all this freethinking under ecclesiastical control for its regulation—or rather, we should add, for its destruction. There are, he intimates, few Coleridges in England, and scarcely any but Coleridges in Germany. There, intellect intrudes into sacred things—theology is separated from religion, instruction from the Church—and talent and learning are idolized. Now, we apprehend that there will be here a difference of opinion, and that Mr. Carlyle will not be permitted to have it all his own way. In brief, though the present be a clever, it is an exceedingly one-sided book. There is scarcely a page in which the author does not pretend to be wiser than Providence, as manifested in historical progress; and, in some passages, he indicates a superstitious temperament which proves him to be an unsafe guide in any argument wherein religious opinions are implicated. The sincerity and zeal which he every-

where shows should make us only more cautious; these qualities, admirable in themselves, belong, unfortunately, as much to the fanatic of error as to the advocate of truth.

Mount Sorel; or, the Heiress of the De Vere.
By the Author of 'Two Old Men's Tales.'
2 vols. Chapman & Hall.

If the Monthly Series, opened by 'Mount Sorel,' continue as well as it has begun, the old three-volume system is at an end. The world will no longer be willing to pay thirty shillings for rubbish, when, for fourteen, it can enjoy the best inventions of the best writers—and 'Mount Sorel' is its author's best invention. Since 'The Admiral's Daughter' she has produced nothing so good; and though this new 'Old Man's Tale' contains few passages of such pathos or power as the last scenes of that novel, it is, generally speaking, better sustained, more artistic, and the invention more pleasing. We wish, however, that the Lady would reconsider her style; at present it is as interjectional and ejaculatory as can possibly be sanctioned, even on the score of dramatic fitness. Then we cannot but regret her perpetual recourse to the colloquial incorrectnesses and familiarities in which some of our most popular writers are far too apt to indulge. Tried by Lindley Murray, Sir Walter's English might have been pronounced loose, careless, and sometimes inelegant. It was, however, Augustan compared with the freaks and phrases and unfinished sentences of Mr. Dickens and of the writer before us.

From these few strictures upon style, it may be gathered that we think 'Mount Sorel' calculated to take its place among the standard fictions of England: since no one would expend good ink in commenting on such delicacies with reference to the ephemeral novels which are born for a summer day's life. The original idea of the authoress has possibly been to exhibit party-spirit with all its extravagancies, inconsistencies, and redeeming earnestness—to trace its influence on the happiness of all within its sphere. Though Reginald and Clarice are a pair of rarely interesting lovers, and though Edmund, the narrator, is yet more interesting in the lack of those graces "which please a lady's eye," than his friend with all his personal beauty and joyous elegance—the "bone, muscle and sinew" of the book, so to say, lie betwixt the two candidates for 'Mount Sorel.' Mr. de Vere is on the side of aristocracy, Mr. Higgins on that of liberty and equality,—for the tale is laid in the days of the first French Revolution. It will suffice further to say, that Mr. de Vere had long desired to become repossessed of his ancestral estate, and has laid a subtle plan to that effect when the "rack and ruin" of Mount Sorel's last possessor threw it into the market. But by a cruel chance he is anticipated. An unexpected purchaser forestalls him: and becomes "the dead fly" in the ointment of the Proverbialist—not merely as standing betwixt him and the fulfilment of his dearest purposes, but also for his riotous Jacobinism, and the rumours of schemes in contemplation, with regard to the estate which make Mr. de Vere's heart-strings quiver. Questioning an old servant, however, the man of Pride finds the man of the People not altogether so destructive as he had feared:—

"But are there no other changes?" said Mr. de Vere, in a low voice. "No other things he is expected to sweep away?" "Ay, ay, Sir, be sure o' that. He'll sweep away loads and loads of fine timber, and put a power o' money in his pocket. Be sure o' that, Sir." "Cut down the woods!" exclaimed Mr. de Vere. "Plenty to take, and plenty to leave. Thin 'em, Sir, only thin 'em as they ought to be, and as they ought to have been these fifty years back. Ah, Sir! it's a fine estate, racked and ruined as it has

been. You should have thought o' that purchase, Sir; as I once or twice took the liberty to hint to your honour. The timber alone! . . . Why that Higgins will make a power o' money by it.' An involuntary sigh escaped Mr. de Vere. 'And what will he do to the house?' 'Now, Sir, that's what I call queer in him. He's a new man, your honour,—altogether, a new man, Sir. Why his grandfather, as I have heard say, came from a place down in the north, Sir—I forget its name—but he was a poor, ragged boy, taken up as a charity, to oil the engine wheels,—in some of these new great factories down there. And the young fellow had a head, Sir; and so, he peeped, and he peered about; and he got to understand the fashion of all those sort of merry-go-rounds. And so, Sir, he got grand secrets—and the long and short of it is—that same was the making of them all. And a power of money this Higgins has, Sir.' 'But the house?' said Mr. de Vere, rather impatiently. 'Oh ay, Sir,—why, I was saying, it was queer that one of these new men, Sir,—should set store by them things.—Those rare old houses, like Mount Sorel manor house. . . . Why, Sir, it might have been yourself. Won't have a stone touched.—Not a window-frame, or a corbel, or a bit of carved work,—only all put into beautiful and complete repair.—I'd have thought he'd have been for pulling that down too; and for building one o' them, staring windowed, red, new houses, just like one of their stinking manufactories. . . . No such thing—he seems to like the antiquity, Sir, of the poor old place.' Was Mr. de Vere pained or pleased at this?—Pained. All was pain upon this subject; he detested the idea of this new man, inhabiting the old house of his fathers; he would rather, perhaps, it had been swept away too. 'And the ruins?' at last he said. 'Aye, Sir, there be some old ruins under the Red Castle Hill.—Can't justly say what he'll do with them. Most like he'll call them old rubbish—and sweep away, slip slap, dash dash, as he's done with the Entwistle litter. Can't say for certain, what he'll do with the ruins.—can't say whether they be to be swept away or not.' The ruins!—Yes, they would in all probability be swept away too, before this new man—this active, vigorous stranger—who seemed to come forward as the type of that destructive torrent, which threatened to submerge all he had loved and revered. The times in which he lived—the mighty clouds that hung threatening over society—the dark clouds big with unrevenged forces, gathering on all sides of the horizon—added strength to the personal melancholy of Mr. de Vere, and depth to his feelings. Resolved, as he had been, never to set foot upon, never even to turn his eyes towards, the lost estate of his ancestors; a sort of invincible desire impelled him, at this moment, to visit once more those relics; so soon, as he imagined, to be swept from the face of the earth. It was a dark, windy, cold evening; black clouds swept over the moon; and the heavy branches of the trees, swinging in the wind, threw their drear shadows across his path; as silent as a ghost, and fearful of being seen as the prowling thief, this haughty and unhappy man traversed his own woods; and arrived at the brook, and at the bridge, that separated him from his neighbour. Shall we say his almost detested neighbour?—For, in Mr. de Vere's heart—a heart hardened by pride, and perverted by the vain prejudices of his situation—vexation and disappointment were fast assuming the form of personal hatred. He always felt a secret aversion towards any rising man, whose talents were advancing him to a share in distinctions which he deemed to belong, by prescription, to his own peculiar class; and he never could look upon concessions made to the advancing spirit of commercial wealth but as a species of injustice. How much, therefore, he felt inclined to dislike Mr. Higgins may be easily divined. But it was, at this moment, with melancholy rather than with bitterness in his heart, that he passed over the little bridge, and clear, hurrying stream; and traversing the deep woods of his more fortunate rival, approached the, to him, hallowed spot, where the ruins of the old chapel lay. The moon gleaming from time to time, between the heavy hurrying clouds, threw streams of light at intervals, among the deep shadows of the place, as, descending to the chapel floor, he stood mournfully gazing upon the tomb of the crusader. There he slept in his time-honoured grave—and a vision of those days of chivalry gone

by, passed, as in a trance, through the mind of his unhappy descendant. One long series of ruins! The ruins of all that was venerable and dear to him lay before him! . . . A new world—a new day was rising!—cloudy, turbulent, and stormy; and his family was descending, with the things gone by, into the tomb. One frail, but precious creature, represented that house, once supported by the wise and the brave, the desperate in battle, and the high in council. One embarrassed, and unprofitable estate, was all that remained of the wide-spread possessions of the past. The moment had been, when he had thought. . . . when his hand seemed already to have grasped that, which was to restore so much. . . . Another had slept between. It was to his melancholy imagination, as the type of his age.'

We must refer the reader to the novel for the not unnatural steps by which the Capulet and Montagu are brought together, to sign and seal a love-treaty betwixt the young people; the opening of which the man of ancient name has been induced to entertain by the prospect of the settlement of the ancestral property on his daughter. But two persons so discordant could hardly meet frequently without chafing violently; the more so, as Mr. Higgins is accompanied in his visits to Holnicote by one of those Selfish Miscreants who always turns to account the Prejudiced Enthusiast, and who has succeeded in imbibing the Jacobin father's mind against the connexion, while Mr. de Vere has become irritated by the secret self-knowledge that he has been lured to tolerate a match, otherwise odious to him, for the sake of a splendid bribe. Few things have been of late days more forcibly executed than the breaking out of the quarrel which threatens finally to sever the lovers. But no well-instructed person will believe that such a disastrous consummation can really happen—who has studied the Romeo and Juliet. We may, however, call the attention of the less cunning novel reader to the natural manner in which the violent opinions held by the fathers, and their consequent practice, act on their children. Reginald, the son of the member of the Corresponding Society, has more than a leaning towards Toryism; the coarseness and selfish frenzies of ultra-Republicanism, as it then manifested itself, disgusting one of so genial and graceful a nature. Clarice, on the other hand, born and brought up amid formalities, bred under all those restrictions not only of demeanour but also of free thought, which were deemed salutary in the days when the enemy was at the gate, has more than a touch of the gipsy spirit—longs for wings and liberty, and listens with eagerness and enthusiasm to the outbursts of the fresher and freer opinions. Nothing was ever prettier than her confessions of weariness, and her fancies of adventure and occupation—thought almost a sin, as they are, by one so sweetly dutiful. Then, as characters more episodic, we must point to Mrs. de Vere; a charming and delicate portrait, completed by a few touches. This is high art. The narrator's father, Lovel, is no less engagingly indicated. We have rarely read a book exciting so strong an interest, in which the mean, the criminal, and the vulgar had so small a share; and for this, as a crowning charm and an excellence too rare, alas! in these days, does it give us pleasure to commend and to recommend 'Mount Sorel.'

Narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition. By C. Wilkes, U.S.N., Commander of the Expedition, M.A.Ph.S., &c. Vol. IV. Wiley & Putnam.

The fourth volume commences with an account of the Hawaiian Group, the king of which (Kamehameha III.) permits a female relation, Kekauluohi, to act as his prime minister. She is described as a remarkable personage, being upwards of six feet high, large withal, and "well

covered with fat." On her head she wore a tiara of beautiful yellow feathers, interspersed with a few of a scarlet colour. These feathers, we are told, are among the most celebrated productions of these islands; they are also costly, for each bird only yields a few, and some thousands are required to form a head-dress. Kekauluohi's wreath was valued at \$250; the wearing such is a symbol of high rank. The birds (*Melothreptes pacifica*) are taken by means of bird-lime, made from the pisonia, and the catching of them is a trade carried on by the mountaineers. Above the feathers appeared a large tortoise-shell comb, to confine her straight black hair. When we add, that the lady's dress was of yellow silk, with enormous *gigot* sleeves, that her shoulders were covered with a richly-embroidered shawl of scarlet crape, and that she sat in a large arm-chair, over which was thrown a robe made of the same expensive yellow feathers already described, her feet being encased in white cotton stockings and men's shoes, the reader will be able to form some idea of the peculiar style of magnificence in which this feminine premier seems to have rejoiced. The Commander speaks well of the missionary and printing establishments of Honolulu, but complains much of the European consuls, and the interference of the French and English men-of-war, for the purpose of overruling the native government. He likewise gives a copy of the constitution and laws adopted by the Hawaiian people, in evidence of the moral advancement made by them, and their consequent claims to respect.

But the attraction of this volume consists in the natural marvels which it describes; and we shall at once proceed to Hawaii, and visit its celebrated volcanoes. The exploring party was somewhat numerous, and not ill provided:—

"It consisted of two hundred bearers of burdens, forty hogs, a bullock and bullock-hunter, fifty bearers of poe (native food), twenty-five with calabashes, of different sizes and shapes, from two feet to six inches in diameter. Some of the bearers had large and small panels of the portable house on their backs; others, frying-pans or kettles; and others, tents or knapsacks. Then there were lame horses, which, instead of carrying their riders, were led by them; besides a large number of hangers-on, in the shape of mothers, wives, and children, equalling in number the bearers, all grumbling and complaining of their loads; so that wherever and whenever we stopped, confusion and noise ensued. I felt happy in not understanding the language, and of course was deaf to their complaints. It was very evident that the loads were unequally divided; and I must do the natives the justice to say, they had reason to complain, not of us, but of each other. It was impossible for the thing to be remedied at once, although it was not a little provoking to see several natives staggering under their loads, while one or two would be skipping along with a few pounds' weight only. At first, many of them preferred the hog-driving business; but I understood that they afterwards found out that it was no secure to drive a hog either of large or small size, and still less so to have charge of the bullock, who was half wild."

After passing Olaa, 1138 feet above the level of the sea, there was no distinct path:—

"The whole surface became a mass of lava, which retained all its metallic lustre, and appeared as if it had but just run over the ground—so small was the action of decomposition. There were only a few stunted bushes on our track; but some dense patches of wood were observed on the right. The day was warm, with a bright sun; and when we passed pools of water standing in the lava rock, as we frequently did, the natives would rush into them like overheated dogs, and seemed to enjoy the temporary coolness brought about by the evaporation."

At length they reached the crater of Kilauka: "Just," says the commander, "as we reached the great plain of the volcano, we approached the southern limit of the wood, and, on turning its corner, Mauna Loa burst upon us in all its grandeur. The day was ex-

trely fine, the atmosphere pure and clear, except a few flying clouds, and this immense dome rose before us from a plain some twenty miles in breadth. I had not, until then, formed any adequate idea of its magnitude and height. The whole dome appeared of a bronze colour, and its uninterrupted smooth outline was relieved against the deep blue of a tropical sky. * * So striking was the mountain, that I was surprised and disappointed when called upon by my friend, Dr. Judd, to look at the volcano; for I saw nothing before us but a huge pit, black, ill-looking, and totally different from what I had anticipated. There were no jets of fire, no eruptions of heated stones, no cones, nothing but a depression, that, in the midst of the vast plain by it is surrounded, appeared small and insignificant. At the further end was what appeared a small cherry-red spot, whence vapour was issuing, and condensing above into a cloud of silvery brightness. This cloud, however, was more glorious than any I had ever beheld, and the sight of it alone would have repaid for the trouble of coming thus far. We hurried to the edge of the cavity, in order to get a view of its interior, and as we approached, vapour issuing from numerous cracks, showed that we were passing over ground beneath which fire was raging. The rushing of the wind past us was as if it were drawn inwards to support the combustion of some mighty conflagration. When the edge is reached, the extent of the cavity becomes apparent, and its depth became sensible by comparison with the figures of some of our party who had already descended. The vastness thus made sensible, transfixes the mind with astonishment, and every instant the impression of grandeur and magnitude increases. To give an idea of its capacity, the city of New York might be placed within it, and when at its bottom would be hardly noticed, for it is three and a half miles long, two and a half wide, and over a thousand feet deep. A black ledge surrounds it at the depth of six hundred and sixty feet, and thence to the bottom is three hundred and eighty-four feet. The bottom looks, in the daytime, like a heap of smouldering ruins. The descent to the ledge appears to the sight a short and easy task, but it takes an hour to accomplish."

On making a descent the party reached the second ledge, and soon came to the edge of it; they were then directly over the pool or lake of fire, at the distance of about 400 feet above it, and the light was so strong that the smallest print could be read thereby. "The pool," the commander adds, "is 1500 feet long by 1000 feet wide":—

"I was struck with the absence of any noise, except a low murmuring, like that which is heard from the boiling of a thick liquid. The ebullition was, (as is the case where the heat is applied to one side of a vessel,) most violent near the northern side. The vapour and steam that were constantly escaping were so rarefied as not to impede the view, and only became visible in the bright cloud above us, which seemed to sink and rise alternately. We occasionally perceived stones, or masses of red-hot matter, ejected to the height of about seventy feet, and falling back into the lake again."

For the purpose of making sketches with the camera lucida, Mr. Wilkes again descended to the black ledge. The pathways he describes as leading down—

"—on the north-east side, over frightful chasms, sometimes on a mere edge of earth, and on rocks rent asunder to the depth of several hundred feet. Through these fissures steam issues, which as it reaches the upper part, condenses, and gives nourishment to masses of ferns, and an abundance of small bushes (Vaccinium), bearing a small berry of an agreeable flavour, called by the natives ohela. The descent, however, is not in reality difficult, except in a few places, where it requires some care in passing over the basaltic blocks, that are here piled in confused heaps. On approaching the black ledge, which from above appeared level and smooth, it is seen to be covered with large pieces of lava, rising in places into cones thirty or forty feet high, which are apparently bound down by huge tortuous masses, which surround them like cables. In other places these are stretched lengthwise on the level ledge, and look like hideous fiery serpents with black vitreous scales, that occasionally give out smoke, and in some cases

fire. * * To walk on the black ledge is not always safe, and persons who venture it are compelled for safety to carry a pole and feel before they tread over the deceitful path, as though they were moving over doubtful ice. The crackling noise made in walking over this crisp surface (like a coating of blue and yellow glass) resembles that made by treading on frozen snow in very cold weather. Every here and there are seen dark pits and vaulted caverns, with heated air rushing from them. Large and extended cracks are passed over, the air issuing from which, at a temperature of 180°, is almost stifling; masses are surmounted that it would seem as if the accumulated weight of a few persons would cause to topple over, and plunge the whole into the fiery pool beneath. * * To the bottom of the crater, there was a descent at the north-west angle of the black ledge, where a portion of it had fallen in, and afforded an inclined plane to the bottom. This at first appeared smooth and easy to descend, but on trial it proved somewhat difficult, for there were many fissures crossing the path at right angles, which it was necessary to get over, and the vitreous crust was so full of sharp spicules as to injure the hands and cut the shoes at every step. Messrs. Waldron and Drayton, their descent were accompanied by my dog Sydney, who had reached this distance, when his feet became so much wounded that they were compelled to drive him back; he was lamed for several days afterwards, in consequence of this short trip into the crater. These gentlemen, after much toil, finally reached the floor of the crater. This was afterwards found to be three hundred and eighty-four feet below the black ledge, making the whole depth nine hundred and eighty-seven feet below the northern rim. Like the black ledge, it was not found to have the level and even surface it had appeared from above to possess: hillocks and ridges, from twenty to thirty feet high, ran across it, and were in some places so perpendicular as to render it difficult to pass over them. The distance they traversed below was deceptive, and they had no means of ascertaining it but by the time it took to walk it, which was upwards of two hours, from the north extreme of the bottom to the margin of the large lake. It is extremely difficult to reach this lake on account of its overflowing at short intervals, which does not allow the fluid mass time to cool. The nearest approach that any one of the party made to it at this time was about fifteen hundred or two thousand feet; they were then near enough to burr their shoes and light their sticks in the lava which had overflowed during the preceding night. The smaller lake was well viewed from a slight eminence: this lake was slightly in action; the globules, (if large masses of red fluid lava, several tons in weight, can be so called,) were seen heaving up at regular intervals, six or eight feet in height; and smaller ones were thrown up to a much greater elevation. At the distance of fifty feet no gases were to be seen, nor was any steam evident, yet a thin smoke-like vapour arose from the whole fluid surface: no puffs of smoke were perceived at any time. At first it seemed quite possible to pass over the congealed surface of the lake, to within reach of the fluid, though the spot on which they stood was so hot as to require their sticks to be laid down to stand on. This idea was not long indulged in, for in a short time the fluid mass began to enlarge; presently a portion would crack and exhibit a bright red glare; then in a few moments the lava-stream would issue through, and a portion would speedily split off and suddenly disappear in the liquid mass. This kind of action went on until the lake had extended itself to its outer bank, and had approached to within fifteen feet of their position, when the guide said it was high time to make a retreat. * * One trip to the floor generally satisfies the most daring, and as long as a person remains there, he must feel in a state of great insecurity, and in danger of undergoing one of the most horrible of deaths, in being cut off from escape by the red molten fluid; yet a hardihood is acquired, which is brought about by the excitement, that gives courage to encounter serious peril in so novel a situation."

It was now resolved to visit the terminal crater. While engaged in this laborious excursion, a snow-storm came on:—

"The thermometer had gone down to 18°, and most of the men were much affected with the mountain-sickness, with headache and fever, and were

unable to do anything. I felt quite unwell myself from the same cause, having a violent throbbing of the temples and a shortness of breath, that were both painful and distressing. With the few men that remained able to work, I began building a circular wall of the clinkers, to enable us to spread what little canvas we had over it; all the blankets we could spare were hung inside, which I hoped would keep us from being frozen. After succeeding in this, which occupied us till dark, we made a fire to prepare our scanty supper, and some tea for the sick. I now discovered that three of the men were absent; and on inquiry, found that they had gone down, in hopes of finding my tent, which they supposed had been left about a mile below. One may judge of my uneasiness, as it was pitchy dark, and there was no trace whatever of a track, or anything by which they could find their way back, over many dangerous chasms. I had barely wood enough to heat the water for the sick, and no more than a piece or two of candle, without any lantern, and therefore no obvious means of making a signal. However, as necessity is the mother of invention, I turned my clothes out of the calabash, and fastening a piece of cotton shirt over it, made quite a respectable lantern: this was placed on the most conspicuous point. After the light had been extinguished several times, and a series of difficulties encountered in relighting it, we succeeded in establishing our lighthouse; and though a feeble one, it had the desired effect. The men, when they first saw it, had already strayed off the track: and had it not been for the lantern, would not have been able to join us again. They came back, crawling on their hands and knees; and had travelled thus for most of the distance. The whole time they had been absent, was two hours and a half. Although I felt very much displeased with their departure without permission, I could not find fault with them,—so much was I rejoiced to see them in safety; and when I knew they had incurred all this fatigue and risk to make me more comfortable. The snow now began to fall fast. My steward, from his thoughtfulness, had an ample supply of tea, which he had carried in his knapsack to save it from being plundered; and consequently we had enough to supply all. The supper being ended, we stowed ourselves away within the circular pen; and while the men kept passing their jokes about its comforts, the wind blew a perfect hurricane without. I was glad to find the spirits of those who were sick began to revive. The thermometer had fallen to 15°. The height found by the barometer was thirteen thousand one hundred and ninety feet. * * Nothing can exceed the devastation of the mountain: the whole area of it is one mass of lava, that has at one time been thrown out in a fluid state from its terminal crater. There is no sand or other rock; nothing but lava, on whichever side the eye is turned. To appearance it is of different ages, some of very ancient date, though as yet not decomposed, and the alternations of heat and cold, with rain and snow, seem to have united in vain for its destruction. In some places, it is quite smooth, or similar to what has already been described as the pahoehoi, or 'satin stream'; again, it appears in the form of clinkers, which are seldom found in heaps, but lie extended in beds for miles in length, sometimes a mile wide, and occasionally raised from ten to twenty feet above the surface of the surrounding lava."

Two days later, Captain Wilkes observes— "While the rest were employed in making our tents as tight as possible, in the one Dr. Judd and myself occupied, we discovered a great deposit of moisture, which, on examination, was found to be caused by steam issuing through a crack in the lava. On placing a thermometer in it, it rose to 68°. The tent was forty feet from the edge of the precipice of the crater, and it was not surprising that the steam should find its way up from the fires beneath. As it somewhat annoyed us, we pounded and filled the seam full of broken pieces of lava. This circumstance led to the discovery of a small piece of moss, the only living thing, either animal or vegetable, that was found within six miles distance, or within four thousand feet of the height of the terminal crater. This moss was here nourished by the steam that escaped, which supplied it with warmth and moisture."

On this desolate spot the party remained three weeks, making observations. On their descent

they again visited Kilauaea and the Sulphur Bank:—

"It is about one hundred and fifty yards in length by about forty wide, and is separated from the perpendicular basaltic rocks that bound the plain, by a chasm from which steam issues in quantities. By descending into it as far as the heat would admit, we obtained some beautiful crystallized masses of sulphur, which we found in small cavities. In some parts of the chasm, the temperature was at the boiling point. The bank seemed to be formed by the decomposition of the rock, through the agency of heat and water. Without the chasm, the bank was formed of an unctuous, red and blue clay, or rather marl, so nearly allied to a pigment, that I understood it had been used as a wash or paint by the missionaries. The steam from below seemed to be penetrating and saturating the whole bank. * * At about three o'clock, when I had reached the eastern edge of Lua Pele, all the party who were with me remarked a large column of smoke rising from that crater, and we, in consequence, ran towards the bank; but the sulphur-banks concealed the bottom of the crater and black ledge from our view. It immediately occurred to me, that an outbreak had taken place, by which the whole bottom of the lower crater had been overflowed, and that my friend, Dr. Judd, would find himself in a dangerous position, as he must at the time be near it. Not being able to reach any place where we could relieve our apprehensions, we were forced to continue our route. * * When we ascended the bank, it became evident that the eruption had taken place at the small crater: this gave rise to much uneasiness respecting the party that had gone down. I searched with my glass in every part of the crater, but saw no one, although I was convinced that they could not have proceeded up before us. When I returned to the encampment, Dr. Judd was not to be found there, and nothing had been heard of him. I therefore felt great relief, when in about a quarter of an hour I saw the party returning. On greeting Dr. Judd, I received from him the following account. After he left me, he proceeded with the natives down the ravine into the crater; thence along the black ledge to its western part, where he descended by the same toilsome path that had been followed a month before. After reaching the bottom, he found a convenient steam-hole, whence a strong sulphureous gas issued; and he then arranged the apparatus for collecting it. This was found to answer the purpose, and was readily and completely absorbed by water. The gas was then collected in a phial containing red-cabbage water turned blue by lime, when it became intensely red. Dr. Judd then sought for a place where he might dip up some of the recent and yet fluid lava, but found none sufficiently liquid for the purpose. Failing here, he proceeded towards the great fiery lake at the southern extremity of the crater. He found that the ascent towards this was rapid, because the successive flowings of the lava had formed crusts, which lapped over each other. This rock was so dark in colour, as to be almost black, and so hot as to act upon spittle just as iron, heated nearly to redness, would have done. On breaking through the outer crust, which was two or three inches thick, the mass beneath, although solid, was of a cherry-red. The pole with which the crust was pierced, took fire as it was withdrawn. It was evidently impossible to approach any nearer in this direction; for although the heat might not be so intense as to prevent walking on the crust, yet the crust itself might be too weak to bear the weight, and to break through would have been to meet a death of the most appalling kind. Dr. Judd, therefore, turned towards the west bank, on which he mounted to a higher level over stones too hot to be touched, but from which his feet were defended by stout woollen stockings and sandals of hide, worn over his shoes. When he had proceeded as far as he could in this direction, he saw at the distance of about thirty feet from him, a stream of lava running down the declivity over which he and his companions had ascended."

The adventurous *savant*, however, was not to be daunted, but persevered in incurring new perils. One is thus related:—

"On the sides of this crater, Dr. Judd saw some fine specimens of capillary glass, 'Pele's hair,' which he was anxious to obtain for our collection. He,

therefore, by the aid of the hand of one of the natives, descended, and began to select specimens. When fairly down, he was in danger of falling, in consequence of the narrowness of the footing; but in spite of this difficulty, his anxiety to select the best specimens enticed him onwards. While thus advancing, he saw and heard a slight movement in the lava about fifty feet from him, which was twice repeated, and curiosity led him to turn to approach the place where the motion occurred. In an instant, the crust was broken asunder by a terrific heave, and a jet of molten lava, full fifteen feet in diameter, rose to the height of about forty-five feet, with a most appalling noise. He instantly turned for the purpose of escaping; but found that he was now under a projecting ledge, which opposed his ascent, and that the place where he had descended was some feet distant. The heat was already too great to permit him to turn his face towards it, and was every moment increasing; while the violence of the throes, which shook the rock beneath his feet, augmented. Although he considered his life as lost, he did not omit the means for preserving it; but offering a mental prayer for the Divine aid, he strove, although in vain, to scale the projecting rock. While thus engaged, he called in English upon his native attendants for aid; and looking upwards, saw the friendly hand of Kalumo,—who on this fearful occasion had not abandoned his spiritual guide and friend,—extended towards him. Ere he could grasp it, the fiery jet again rose above their heads, and Kalumo shrunk back, scorched and terrified, until excited by a second appeal, he again stretched forth his hand, and seizing Dr. Judd's with a giant's grasp, their joint efforts placed him on the ledge. Another moment, and all aid would have been unavailing to save Dr. Judd from perishing in the fiery deluge. In looking for the natives, they were seen some hundreds of yards distant, running as fast as their legs could carry them. On his calling to them, however, they returned, and brought the frying-pan and pole. By this time, about ten or fifteen minutes had elapsed; the crater was full of lava, running over at the lower or northern side, when Dr. Judd was enabled to dip up a pan of it; it was, however, too cold to take an impression, and had a crust on its top. On a second trial he was successful, and while it was red hot, he endeavoured to stamp it with a navy button, but the whole sunk by its own weight, being composed of a frothy lava, and became suddenly cold, leaving only the mark of the general shape of the button, without any distinct impression. The cake he thus obtained, (for it resembled precisely a charred pound cake), was added to our collections, and is now in the hall where they are deposited. This lake I have designated as Judd's Lake, and believe that few will dispute his being entitled to the honour of having it called after him. Dr. Judd now found that he had no time to lose, for the lava was flowing so rapidly to the north, that their retreat might be cut off, and the whole party be destroyed. They therefore at once took leave of the spot, and only effected their escape by running. When the danger was past, Dr. Judd began to feel some smarting at his wrists and elbows, and perceived that his shirt was a little scorched. By the time he reached the tents, and we had examined him, he was found to be severely burnt on each wrist, in spots of the size of a dollar, and also on his elbows, and wherever his shirt had touched his skin. Kalumo's whole face was one blister, particularly that side which had been most exposed to the fire. The crater had been previously measured by Dr. Judd, and was found to be thirty-eight feet deep by two hundred feet in diameter. The rapidity of its filling (in twelve minutes) will give some idea of the quantity of the fluid mass."

The party could not help revisiting the lake, which now seems to have become fascinating from association. Towards evening, to view the eruption flowing from it, they walked down to the edge of the bank, and witnessed a spectacle that exceeded their expectations:—

"The most brilliant pyrotechnics would have faded before what we now saw. A better idea of the light given out by this volcano will be obtained by the fact that it sometimes produces rainbows in the passing rain-clouds, one of which was seen by Mr. Drayton. The whole bottom of the crater north of Judd's Lake,

upwards of a mile and a half in length and half a mile in width, was covered with fluid lava, running in streams, as though it had been water. These here and there divided, and then joined again, tumbling in rapids and falls over the different ledges. The streams were of a glowing cherry-red colour, illuminating the whole crater around; the large lake beyond seemed swelling and becoming more vivid, so that we expected every moment to see an overflow from it of greater grandeur. We sat watching the progress of both for many hours under great excitement, and saw the formation of pools of the igneous liquid, one after the other, until accumulating they overflowed the banks, and rushed on to fill some cavities beyond. We could not but feel ourselves identified with this spectacle, by the occurrences of the day, and in particular by the fortunate escape of our companion; and we sat speculating on the horrible situation of one cut off from escape by these red-hot streams. The sight was magnificent, and worth a voyage round the world to witness. It was with regret that I returned to our tent, determining in my own mind to have a nearer view of this overflow in the morning. We arose early, and our attention was immediately called to the crater. The large lake had sunk out of sight from our position, while the smaller one was seen to be still overflowing its banks, thus proving satisfactorily that their fires had no connexion with each other. Upon the whole I was glad to see this state of things, as it would afford me an opportunity of getting near the large lake, to obtain an accurate measurement of it."

The result of the observations made is merely transitional, the scene seeming to change daily, so extraordinary is its character. "To stand," says the commander, "on the black ledge and look around on the desolation which appears on every side, produces a feeling similar to those with which the scene of some dreadful conflagration would be viewed. The same description of sadness is felt that such a prospect would create, while there is in addition a feeling of insecurity, arising from the fires that are raging around, and are known to exist underneath. Although the black ledge has the appearance of being level when seen from the top of the wall, it is not found to be so. It varies in width from six hundred to two thousand feet, and has been overrun in various directions by streams of lava, varying in size from that of a serpent to an immense trunk or tunnel, which, after spreading, pass down into some chasm and are lost. The view around has nothing earthly in it; one cannot comprehend how rock can be thus fused without the agency of fuel. Our notions of the solidity of stone must here undergo a total change; and there appeared nothing belonging to this world at hand with which to form a comparison."

There are different sorts of craters: the pit-crater and the cone-crater being the chief. Kilauaea is one of the largest cone-craters; on examining its locality, the party found that they were a short distance below the upper part of the eruption:—

"It had begun first in a kind of point, and accumulating there, had stretched itself out on either side, gathering strength as it went, until after proceeding about two miles it became a torrent of fluid rock, from ten to fifteen feet in thickness, which swept everything before it, overlaying the soil, and destroying all the vegetation that came in its way. After a north-east course of three miles, we entered upon the lava stream, where it was about a mile wide, resembling a river congealed at once into stone, leaving all its flowings and eddies distinctly marked and perpetuated. It was covered here and there with the fallen timber, appearing in some instances as if it had been bleached; only a hole was left to mark where each tree had stood, the stump having been entirely consumed. These holes were frequently found as much as twelve or fifteen feet in depth. Of their origin there can be no doubt, and my supposition is, that by the time the tree had been burnt off, the rocky stream became fixed, which would account for the tree being still so near the place where it had formerly stood. Some of the trunks were partly burnt, and others again had epiphytic plants still adhering to them. In some places lava was found adhering to the leaves and branches of trees, appearing as if it had been spattered upon them. In some

instances the lava thus adhering might have been taken for birds' nests, yet the wood exhibited no signs of fire. The circumstance which astonished me most, was the state of a copse of bamboos (*Bambusa arundinacea*), which the lava had not only divided, but passed on each side of: many of them were still living, and a part of the foliage remained uninjured. Some of the large trees, not more than twenty feet from the stream, seemed scarcely affected, and yet not thirty yards from them we lighted our sticks by putting them down no farther than two feet below the surface, although eight months had elapsed since the eruption happened. Nearer to the sea, all the foliage to the distance of three hundred and fifty yards from the lava stream was killed. To account for these circumstances, we must suppose either that the lava flows more rapidly, or that its power of radiating heat is much less than is generally believed. The fixed stream has so much the appearance of a fluid mass that it is deceptive, and the whole seemed yet in motion. Fire and smoke were to be seen in many places. Its line of descent to the sea was on a declivity of one hundred feet to the mile, and according to the native account it reached the sea in two nights and a day—thirty-six hours. The distance being a little over ten miles, the velocity must have been about four hundred feet an hour.

After the wild and terrible, the reader will not be displeased at a specimen of the domestic and agreeable, in relation to craters:—

"Having time before dark, we determined to pay a visit to the three craters nearest the coast, from which they were distant less than a mile and a half. They are four hundred and fifty-six feet high, of irregular form; and although each is distant from the others, yet they seem to have, at one time, run into each other. They looked very picturesque within: and one of them, to our surprise, exhibited a well-cultivated farm, with a pretty cottage in the middle, surrounded by a few trees. One of my Yankee sailors declared, that he would not be ashamed to own such a farm and dwelling in New England. In the bottom of one of these is a small lake, as smooth as a mirror, and of a light-green colour, which contains plenty of fish. After an earthquake, its water has frequently turned red and yellow, and smelt strongly of brimstone. It is about six fathoms deep, by the report of the natives, and two hundred yards across. In another of the craters is a pond of fresh water, of small dimensions. Another crater, near by, is said to have a hot spring in it, which the natives use as a bath."

On the whole, this last is the most varied and interesting of the volumes which have yet reached us.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Toronto Magnetical and Meteorological Observations, Vol. I. 1840-42.—This volume, printed by order of Government, under the superintendence of Lieut.-Col. Sabine, contains the details of observations made at the Magnetical Observatory at Toronto. There are now some ten or a dozen British magnetical observatories in different parts of the world, at the expense either of the Government or the East India Company. As far as the Government is concerned, the management of these institutions has been placed under the Board of Ordnance, which has appointed artillery officers and gunners to the charge of the different observatories: the trigonometrical survey having been of late years entirely in the hands of *Engineers*, this department of science has been, so far as military attention to the subject is concerned, confided entirely to the *Artillery*. Our scientific readers are aware of the great impulse given to magnetical observation a few years since, of which the volume before us is one of the fruits. It is a quarto volume of more than four hundred pages, requiring, we are told, much time and trouble to bring it within that compass. It presents a very promising appearance, and will be examined with interest by those who cultivate magnetical or meteorological knowledge; but it is not the province of our journal to enter upon the details of such a work.

Things Old and New, being a Sequel to 'The Chronicles of Waltham,' by the author of 'The Subaltern.'—Some five hundred numbers, or thereabouts, of the *Athenæum* have been published since we were called

on to review 'The Chronicles of Waltham.' What a change has passed over our fictitious literature during those ten years! How completely, for instance, has the story of life in the middle classes—or the pleading in imaginary forms of the Rich-and-Poor question—superseded the novel of Fashionable Life! It is within that short interval that the Ruffian School of Romance sprung into existence—thronged for a time our police courts—and passed out of favour; since the Jack Sheppards are no longer eligible as heroes—Greenacre reposes in 'The Newgate Calendar,' and Madame Laffage sleeps in quiet in the gloom of her cell. Once again, how has the colour of the religious novel altered! Time was, when 'The Velvet Cushion' or 'No Fiction' illustrated the tone dominant: now the 'Geraldines' and 'Dr. Hookwells' find many readers in spite of the angry protestations of the Charlotte Elizabeths. Throughout all these "mutabilities of things," the Priest and the Advocate have never ceased their hold on Fiction—the fantastic reign of pure Imagination has never been resumed; and Mr. Gleig is at once working in accordance with the spirit of his time and his own clerical character, in following up 'The Chronicles of Waltham' by a tale of union workhouses, game laws, church-schisms, and the other topics of the day. He has chosen the cheap form of 'The Novel Times,' by way of insuring for his wisdom an extensive circulation. But we cannot, therefore, fall in with his humour by gravely analyzing what he has so gravely written. As a novelist, he hardly possesses force enough to drive his arguments far, or colour sufficient to set his illustrations vividly before the spectator. Considered as a mere tale, 'Things Old and New' is prosy and feeble. In one page, it is true, the episode of Bessy Brown and Frank Dadds, we find a strong push at the pathetic (as well as the New Poor Law); it is, however, borrowed from Mrs. Trollope's 'Jessie Phillips'—there is an attempt at subtlety of delineation in the character of Lady Evelyn, who is 'The Coquette' defended—whereas, for the most part, we have had in novels 'The Coquette' reprov'd. Mr. Jacobson, the incumbent of Waltham, will seem a faultless personage to those who adjust their opinions, on the points at present so sharply contested, according to Mr. Gleig's balance. Be that the reader's standard or not, he must award to the tale the grace of temperance. As this seems increasingly the fashion of discussion—let us hope that it may by degrees widen and deepen into Christian toleration.

The Minister's Kail-Yard, and other Poems, edited by T. C. Latto.—Lyrics conceived in a Scottish spirit, and expressed in the Scottish Doric. The leading composition is by an anonymous friend of the editor, the remainder by himself. 'The Minister's Kail-Yard' describes the joy of a Scotch clergyman on taking possession of his manse, and finding the kail-yard "well stocked and cropped" by his predecessor. He retires to rest "wrapt up," like Duncan, in "measureless content," but during the night "sax-score Highlant nowts" happening to bivouac near the said kail-yard, make free with its contents, spreading ruin and desolation, and blasting the hopes of the unconscious pastor while he sleeps. We shall quote one incident to show the style of the poem:—

The Pastor had a wee bit pup,
That he was training virtuous up:
It was as playfu' a bit doggie,
As ever lick'd a parritch luggie;
Puir beastie, whan it heard the rowts,
It instantly flew forth to scout;
Not like Don Quixote did it rush,
Assur'd the hale sax-score to crush;
But wha for this can scorn its spirit?
Rashness is madness, and not merit;
Yet, like Guerilla, there an' here,
It fleg'd the flanks—beat up the rear,
T' expel the garden promenaders.—
These lowing—mooing serenaders:
But ah! a surly, sulky Goth,
Wi' horns like biggins, wax'd sair wroth;
The pup, alake! had nippt his heels;
Whisk round th' atrocious vagrant wheels,
An' wi' 'terrible downward dart,
Transfix'd doggie through the heart;
Then, bawbee-like, spins up the whaup,
Not quite sae high as gray-pow'd Alp,
Nor half sae high as Largo Law:
Puir doggie fell an' ne'er mov'd paw;
Gleg, gladsome, faithfu', dar wee doggie,
Nae mair for you they'll hear the luggie!

The poor minister's disappointment in the morning, may be gathered from his old housekeeper, poor Ailie's remark:—

An' O sir, look! the greedy gluttons
Have 'en devour'd the bachelor's buttons.
The dialogue between these worthies is, on the whole, amusing. Of Mr. Latto's own ballads and songs, also, we can speak in terms of praise, as simple, elegant, and musical.

Voices of War: a Poem, with other Pieces in Verse, by a late Medical Officer, R.N.—One specimen will show that the writer had much to learn of his craft:

But, ah! my peace-enamour'd muse, the lay
Of trembling flight would rather dedicate
To Melpomene, and these scenes portray
Which War's deluded sons call grand and great.

Such productions ask not criticism but oblivion. As, however, they profess to be 'Poetical (?) Remains from Unpublished MSS.,' the author is not, we suppose, responsible for their appearance.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

New System of Architecture, by Wm. Vose Pickett, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
Anne Hathaway; or, Shakespeare in Love, a Romance, 3 vols. pt. av.
12. 11s. 6d. bds.
Anthony's Virgil, edited by Major, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.
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Historical Landmarks of Freemasonry explained in Lectures, with Notes, by Rev. G. Oliver, D.D. illustrated, Vol. I. demy 8vo. 17s. 6d. cl.
Life and Travels of Thomas Simpson, the Arctic Discoverer, by his brother, Alex. Simpson, 1 vol. demy 8vo. 14s. cl.
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Parnell's Grasses, Part II. royal 8vo. plates (British Grasses) 12. 2s. cl.; ditto, complete, royal 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
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Pritchard's History of Infusoria, Uncoloured edit. 8vo. 12s. cl.
Summary View of the Evidence of Christianity, by the Rt. Hon. C. K. Bush, with Preface by Rev. J. Willis, A.M. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
Thiers' French Revolution Translated, Part V. med. 8vo. 3s. 6d. vul. (Popular Library.)
Williams's Holy City, demy 8vo. 18s. cl.

ADIEU.

Anselmo, waren wir
Nicht Freunde, der eher unnelge
Zwiespalt die jungen wilden Herzen twante? KÜHNER.

Friend of my heart, adieu!
God keep thee in his care!
Receive this parting sigh;
Believe this parting pray'r;
And do not quite forget the few
Bright hopes we've known. Adieu! adieu!

Remember vanish'd hours—
Let memory softly dwell
On one who thinks of thee
With thoughts too deep to tell.—
On one whose love more steadfast grew
'Mid clouds and tears! Adieu! adieu!

Let gentle dreams arise,—
When thou art far from me—
Of all the "counsel sweet"
That I have shar'd with thee;
Think of me still as when we met,
Mingled sweet thoughts! Adieu! adieu!

Think of the heart of love
That ever sprung to meet
Thy slightest wish,—and deem'd it
No earthly joy so sweet
As when on spirit-wings it flew
To speak with thine! Adieu! adieu!

Think of the heart of faith
That watch'd with anxious pain
For tidings of thy health
O'er the dividing main!
Think of the loving heart and true
That writes with tears—Adieu! adieu!

Though dark with many a fault
The self-same heart may be
It hath one spot unstain'd!—
It never erred to thee!
These are no idle words—no new—
Thou knowest their truth! Adieu! adieu!

ALICIA JANE SPARROW.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, April 1, 1845.

Two most remarkable pictures in the Exhibition at the Louvre are unquestionably those of M. Horace Vernet. The one is calculated, I think, to excite profound admiration; the other, surprise and regret at so deplorable a misapplication of a noble talent.

The portrait of Frère Philippe, the Director-General of the Ecoles Chrétiennes, is one of the finest attempts to reproduce on canvas, not only the complete aspect of the outer man, but all the characteristic indications of the inner being that I ever beheld. To those who are acquainted with Murillo's wonderful portrait of the General of the Jesuits, in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne, it will suffice to say, that M. H. Vernet's picture instantly brought that to my mind. They will not imagine that I mean to institute a comparison between the two, which would be to expose a noble effort of modern art to a needless ordeal. But the conception, the thought, of this picture involuntarily recalls the other. Like that, it suggests the whole character, history, and functions of the man. And if the head of the most pious order that ever made religion the instrument of ambition is completely delineated in the one, the other sets before us the representation of that beneficent body of men who devote their whole lives to the service and instruction of the poor. The simplicity, amounting to poverty, of every object by which this eminent man and Christian is surrounded, tell of a life of self-denial; the cracked wall, whose bare surface and monotonous colour are broken only by a small crucifix and a little plaster figure of the Virgin, forms a touching and harmonious background to the grave and thoughtful but benevolent head; even the coarse shoes tied with a leathern thong—the whole garb, not neglected but humble—speak to the heart, and command a reverence no diadem can extort. We see before us the friend and servant of the poor. M. Vernet must himself have a store of nobler sympathies than we should have given a battle painter credit for, or he could not have conceived and executed such a picture. How lamentable then is their perversion; how humiliating the misapplication of a genius, which one is apt to think, by giving Man an insight into the high and pure regions of intelligence, must render him insensible to the attraction that displays of brute force have for the vulgar!

Nothing however can be, intellectually and morally speaking, lower of its low kind than the huge unrolled panorama, in which M. Vernet has celebrated the taking of the Smala of Abd el Kader. The bitterest enemy of France, the most sarcastic contemner of her glory, would hardly invent a severer satire on the employment of her arms. This is so true, that the slightest tinge of caricature, given to the very same design, would at once make it appear a very ill-natured and very effectual attempt to throw ridicule on the triumphs of Africa. Imagine, on the one side, a body of French troops in all the pomp, pride, and circumstance of the most warlike of European nations, with all the accoutrements of regular warfare, and headed by a brilliant young prince; on the other, a handful of wretched-looking Bedouins, with no covering but their burnous, no weapons but the spear, which they are brandishing; groups of women, in every attitude of terror, confusion, and distress, and frightened animals fleeing before the arms of France. Can anything be conceived more ignoble than such a triumph? We all know, alas! that such are the scenes presented in our unequal strife with ruder nations. We are aware that such displays of the inhuman employment of our superiority, physical and moral, must occur with shameful frequency. But even those among us who are the most disposed to believe that the end to be attained justifies the means, would, we hope, fain avert their eyes from the spectacle such victories exhibit.

How is it, then, that M. Vernet, who has shown such exquisite moral perceptions in the portrait of Frère Philippe, has fallen into so gross an outrage against all the dignified and heroic sentiments which alone can render representations of human suffering tolerable to look at. Are such pictures painted by command? Are they painted for popularity? Are they painted from taste and liking? We fear there is a little of all three motives—motives so powerful, that they leave us, disinterested spectators, no chance

of any end to our regrets. The military tastes of the French are so strong that those who have to rule, or who want to use the people, must be strong indeed before they can venture to abstain from pandering to them. M. Thiers's history and M. Vernet's pictures address themselves to the same depraved and depraving propensities to which literature and art are forced to minister, till justice and higher sentiments of the honour of nations arise.

The technical and particular merits of the picture are, of course, eminent. The complexion of the sky and earth are especially true, poetical, and striking. There is life, movement, and grace in the figures, dramatic effect in the particular groups. There is, in short, enough of every kind of ability to render the direction of it deplorable. With this reflection I began; with this I end.

Nevertheless, let us not despair. Wiser and more generous influences are gaining ground, and the time will come when the more enlightened among the French will wonder at the extravagances of 1840, and the clamours of 1844.

It is reported from your side of the channel, that Queen Victoria has an ardent desire to visit Paris. It is comfortable to know that her reception would even be all that her subjects could wish their Sovereign Lady to receive; and of this you may be perfectly assured. M. de Rambuteau is anxiously looking forward to the completion of the splendid decorations of the Hotel de Ville, that it may be ready for the great fête which the city of Paris hopes to give to the Queen of England; and already (with true French vivacity) a very lively altercation has taken place between the officers of the National Guard and the Conseil Municipal, as to which body is to have the honour of entertaining Her Majesty. Pray tell this to the citizens of her good city of London. They may be perfectly certain of the fact, and I hope it will suffice to outweigh the clamours of a thousand newspapers, and to prove to them that their cordial reception of the King of the French is not forgotten here.

I must add the important circumstance, that among the spring fashions is "*l'écharpe Pritchard*." If you ask me, whether this is a pacific demonstration or the contrary, I cannot help you. Nobody has been able as yet to solve the problem to my satisfaction. Pending the solution, I crave your most favourable construction, and remain, &c.

GREAT BRITAIN STEAM-SHIP.

Limehouse, March 8, 1845.

I have lately read, in your February Part, an account of a visit to the *Great Britain* steam-ship, some remarks in which have induced me to trouble you with this. You state that past experience is in favour of the construction of large steamers, in which I think you quite mistaken; and you give no example of any large ship that has succeeded; and in opposition to the contrary suggestion, that the *British Queen* and *President* go against the assumption, you give as a reason their insufficient construction as an admitted fact—in which, I submit, you are also in error. The *British Queen* was built of materials, as to the timber, of as large size as could be procured sound; that used in the keel and paddle-beams (always the longest and largest scantlings in a steam-vessel) was elm, the largest ever grown; one log especially was an object of frequent curiosity among builders while converting. The fact is still true that vessels of one-third less tonnage are built with frames of equal scantlings. As to the fastenings of iron, they were more in number, and larger in size than have been applied to any steam-ships built in London—upwards of one hundred tons having been consumed on the *British Queen*. The mode of construction adopted in these vessels was also novel, and adopted to gain additional strength—that of double diagonal fastenings. I had occasion to see these vessels daily during their construction, and I certainly do not remember hearing a doubt expressed by any as to their being as strong as wood and iron could make them; their size only gave a suspicion of failure; and, permit me to say, the event has not proved their weakness. As to the *British Queen*, it is not her insufficiency that prevents her employment, but simply the fact that a sufficient number of passengers cannot be found at one time to go by her. Several objections, independently of an opinion of safety as regards the stability

of the ship, inducing people to prefer a smaller vessel, with fewer companions, on a long voyage. As to the *President*, we do not know the cause of her failure. Had it been weakness, we should probably have heard more; for some timber or bulwark board would surely have been washed to some visited shore ere this. My opinion (and I believe that of many good judges of shipping matters) is, that the great size alone is the cause of failure; and that the evidence of the *British Queen* and *President* is good on this point—that is to say, that, with the materials we have to work with, no vessel can be constructed above the measurement of, say 1,500 tons, of strength proportioned to her dimensions. As to form, the London builders do not agree that the *Great Britain* has at all improved the lines adopted in the vessels of which I have been speaking.

With respect to the adoption of iron as a material for building steam-ships, I believe it still to be a matter for experiment. One disadvantage, with respect to heat and discomfort to passengers, they have, which will, I believe, outweigh the blessing of the absence of bilge-water. This was shown in the vessels employed by the East India Company, to so great an extent as (combined with other objections) to induce them to build others (as they are now doing) of timber. As to the consumption of fuel, you repeat the engineer's calculation, which in general holds good. With this vessel, I think it will be found to have much exceeded expectation. I could obtain no evidence on board at all satisfactory; and at the Civil Engineers' meeting, the "sea-sickness of the stokers" was given as a reason for the absence of statistical information on the matter. You do not appear to have known of the fact, which says little for the strength of this Monster, that on her passage round, not only were the bull's-eyes displaced, but the bows actually collapsed to the extent of lifting the deck three inches. The alteration produced by continual vibration in the strength of iron will, I believe, be found much more prejudicial to its employment in shipbuilding than has hitherto been imagined.

C. F. W.

The writer, it appears, contests our assertion that experience is in favour of large steam-ships. This he does by adducing the example of the *President* and *British Queen* as cases of failure, which he attributes mainly to their size; but which we attributed to their weakness and insufficiency. He, on the contrary, states that the keel and paddle beams were the largest ever grown! We are willing to admit that the keel and paddle beams were the largest ever grown; but, in reply, we can only say that they were exceptions, and that the general scantlings and fastenings were far beneath the requirements of such ships, and far below what is and was in general use for much smaller ships; which is enough for our argument. The writer had occasion to see them daily during construction, and states that he heard nothing of their weakness then, and that the event has not proved their weakness. Surely our correspondent cannot have gone into the matter seriously! We ourselves once saw the oakum hanging in festoons out of the seams of the *British Queen*, on her arrival after a voyage. Is not this weakness? We know, from a trustworthy person on board the unlucky *President* the voyage before she went down, that he has frequently taken a glass and filled it with water at one of the seams of the planks, as she went over a wave! and that she had gone out of shape was well known. Further, was it not proved that the ends were so bulky that it was necessary to bulkhead them off, one or both? And as regards size, has not every sea-going company, the Halifax Mail Company, for example, gone on increasing the size of their vessels? As to form, we found as much fault as the writer with the flare out above in the *Great Britain*, which was the cause of the heavy striking of the sea he alludes to. The letter is temperate and intelligent, and with these remarks we thought it right to present it to our readers.

MISS MARTINEAU AND MESMERISM.

Dr. Brown and Mr. Greenhow in reply.

Miss Martineau says, "that the matter in question now is, not the fact of the clairvoyance, which it is, in the nature of things, impossible to establish at this distance of time." Does, then, the "great fact,"

put forth by Miss Martineau in October 1844, require to be established in March 1845? Has Miss Martineau given the sanction of her name to it as to a truth? and has it, marked with this highly respectable impress, been passing current for months through the world as a truth either physiological or supernatural (for both interpretations have been given) without its accuracy having been established? And has that pen, which was for years so honourably occupied in the advocacy of truth, and the power of which I would be the last man in the world to depreciate, been employed in the diffusion, as a fact, and as a fact of great moral and physical importance to mankind, of that which now requires to have its reality ascertained, but it cannot be done, the time having gone by? It would be vain to say, what certainly Miss Martineau has not said, but what she appears to imply when she speaks of the strong pressure of mind and circumstances under which Mrs. Arrowsmith gave her testimony to me, that I have menaced, cajoled, or confused witnesses. I did nothing of the sort. I had no authority, and certainly assumed none; neither did I endeavour to puzzle or cajole, but I stated myself, to entire strangers, to be what, in truth, I was,—one seeking for information. Were I to select, among all that I heard during the three hours I spent in Tynemouth in the investigation of this matter, the evidence which was frankly, fearlessly, and (to all appearance) truthfully given, I would select that of Mrs. Arrowsmith. My conviction is, that what she then told me was the truth, for even had she known any preconceived opinion I might entertain on the subject, why should she adapt her evidence to it to please me, a total stranger, whom she had never seen before, and, in all probability, would never see again?—but my sentiments on the matter were of necessity entirely unknown to her. How far the desire of meeting the views, which she did know, of parties who were not strangers to her, may have had its influence on the testimony given in October, or other preceding periods, I shall leave others to determine.

It is worthy of remark that throughout all Tynemouth, and I there conversed with others besides those mentioned in my former communication,—for in that I carefully confined myself to material witnesses, necessarily cognizant of all the facts, and carefully abstained from obscuring by anything not strictly relevant, what I considered the chain of clear evidence I had obtained,—I did not meet with a single person, J. herself excepted, who did not treat with scorn and derision the supposition of her having revealed, in her mesmeric condition, matters she did not previously know. Now, truth is not of so fragile a nature as all this, and had the matters stated by Miss Martineau been well-ascertained facts in October 1844, they would not by universal consent have been represented as something the very opposite in March 1845. Truth, had there been truth in the case, would have found a tongue in the streets of Tynemouth.

But, says Miss Martineau, the question is no longer one of clairvoyance; "it is made one of character." Made one of character! What was it from the first,—what could it be, but one of character? What is an inquiry into the credibility of human testimony in any case, in its very nature, but a question of character? The certainly not over-scrupulous, but really very adroit person, who rejoices in the initials A. P. W. sees this clearly enough, and accordingly applies herself with all due diligence to aspersing the characters of the inquirers, Mr. Greenhow and myself. I cannot break through your strong line of evidence, says this subtle advocate, but I can bespatter the characters of you, the narrators. And to work she goes in a style of which I have occasionally heard examples among ladies in other than mesmeric fields of display, but which I never heard surpassed. A slight admixture of truth might, perhaps, have mended the matter; but she is not to be blamed for omitting what she could not find.

"Your supper," says she, "never consisted of sago with brandy in it. On October 6th Jane prescribed weak brandy-and-water at night, so that there could be nothing extraordinary on the 15th, in her saying that brandy might be dispensed with. I have noticed these matters because Dr. Brown and 'the gentleman who attended the séance' seem to attach much importance to them. But these persons

appear to assume a privilege of prying into the domestic affairs of private gentlewomen, and are not scrupulous of invading the privacy of families. If we are to be subjected to such proceedings, our homes are no longer our sanctuaries."

Have I, then, (as I am accused of having done) pruned "into the domestic affairs of private gentlewomen," or shown myself "not scrupulous of invading the privacy of families"? The question of the *sago* and brandy, to which it is said I "seem to attach much importance," I never mentioned. How could I?—I knew nothing about it till I saw it in Mr. Greenhow's statement, which I did not see till after I had transmitted my own to Dr. Forbes. The statement relating to the reasons which led A. P. W. to discharge her maid, I have not hitherto mentioned, but I consider myself perfectly at liberty to advert to them, for they have strict relevancy to the real question in hand—the veracity of the parties who furnished Miss Martineau with the extraordinary circumstances relating to the mesmeric *séance* of October 15th, published in the *Athenæum*. I therefore beg to state that the declaration in question was made to Mr. Greenhow in my presence by one (I regret that I am strictly forbidden to reveal her name) very likely indeed to be cognizant of the facts; so that should the main fact be shown to be inaccurate, Mr. Greenhow's veracity remains unimpeached.

But A. P. W. must mean to assert, since neither Mr. Greenhow nor myself have travelled out of the record in discussing this case, or mingled irrelevant matters with it, that the whole *séance* of October 15th was part of the "domestic affairs of private gentlewomen." It certainly at one time was so, and, so far as Dr. Forbes, Mr. Greenhow, and myself are concerned, would have remained inviolate in the "sanctuary" of Tynemouth, had not others converted it from private into public property. Were we the parties who sent it from the "sanctuary" at Tynemouth to the cell of the *Athenæum*, whence it spread through half the gazettes and newspapers of the empire?

The Abigail style of argument, commonly called the "*argumentum ad odium*," is very apt to be resorted to by ladies in the want of a better, and I, for my part, would be ever ready to "give them a little law" in this respect; but on this occasion A. P. W. has really transcended the reasonable privileges of her sex.

I now take leave of this subject, with the satisfaction of believing that even Miss Martineau now must see that she has been imposed upon, and the certainty that the public at large see it; but in doing so, I would suggest to educated and intellectual inquirers into Mesmerism, that they should seek the subjects of their experiments in their own class, or, at least, cease to select them from among the humble and uneducated. The case of J. is not the only one that has proved to me that the influence of the practice by those of superior rank and education on young, uneducated and dependent persons, is very demoralizing. We need not resort to the hypothesis of a lady, Charlotte Elizabeth, who has written on this subject; for the well-known passions of the human mind explain sufficiently the gradual transition from honesty to fraud: vanity roused by the attention of superiors, some degree of astonishment produced in these; the very natural disposition to augment this astonishment: the "incline" is very manifest, along which the mind, young, inexperienced, and imperfectly trained, glides from honesty to fraud.

JOSEPH BROWN.

Bishopwearmouth, Sunderland,
March 31st, 1845.

Tynemouth, April 1, 1845.

The demolition of the Tynemouth case of *clairvoyance* is now so complete through the communications in the *Athenæum*, that had I not been accused of prejudice, "inaccuracy," and falsehood, I should not have deemed the subject worthy of further consideration, or have occupied another column with further proofs of the gross deception of the whole affair.

I did not put forward any claim for admission to the mesmeric *séance* at Miss Martineau's, but went at her voluntary invitation, as did no doubt the numberless other persons who were present, night after night, to witness and bear testimony to the marvels per-

formed. I was naturally desirous of witnessing the wonderful phenomena described to me and vouched for by Miss Martineau; and therefore, whilst I gladly availed myself of the invitation, I went in the character of an observer, for my own satisfaction only, and with the resolution of taking no part in the proceedings. This purpose was overruled by Miss Martineau herself, who not only asked me to take notes (which, with great reluctance and after repeated solicitations, I agreed to do), but also urgently requested Mr. C. and myself to conduct, in a great measure, through the intervention of the Mesmerist, the experiments of the evening, and in any suitable way to test the reality and truthfulness of the case for our own satisfaction. My notes were taken, as is, I believe, the almost universal method with persons accustomed to note-taking, in a skeleton form, and hence might readily appear imperfect: they were likewise intended for Miss Martineau, and I did not, therefore, note down at the time all the failures and mistakes of J., as I neither intended nor expected that these notes would become the subject of future discussion. I believed Miss Martineau quite able, if she gave her judgment fair play, to detect the absurdities for herself.

At the close of the evening, Mrs. Montague Wynyard (the person who signs herself A. P. W.) begged for the notes. At first I hesitated, saying, I would write them out in full and give them to Miss Martineau next day; but on a repetition of the request I surrendered them. On my return home, thinking it probable that some use might hereafter be made of them, and that my name might be quoted to vouch for their accuracy, I prepared a fresh set of notes, which, subsequently corrected by the original ones, formed the basis of my letter to Dr. Brown, partly published in the *Athenæum*. A day or two afterwards, my original notes, which, as far as they went, contained a verbatim report of the proceedings, were returned with alterations, additions, and erasures, made by Mrs. Montague Wynyard! From the first page of these notes, thus unwarrantably altered by herself, Mrs. W. has quoted a few passages, which, after all, leave the main question where it was. The letter, however, from Mrs. Wynyard, which accompanied the returned notes, contains matter strongly illustrative, when placed side by side with her letter in the *Athenæum*, of her "veracity," and will at once determine the true value of any evidence she may bring forward. That letter was not written until after she and Miss Martineau had visited Mrs. Arrowsmith's cottage, and obtained from her the time of her return home, and the particulars of her visit to Mrs. Halliday. In it she informs me "every word respecting the wreck was true." "No one in the house knew anything on the subject before Jane Arrowsmith was put to sleep, and her aunt, who brought the news from Shields, returned after Jane came up stairs." Where, now, is the "simplicity" and "transparent sincerity" of this person? What shall we say of her "veracity," when she now informs us "the truth was her aunt had returned," and in the same letter lays great stress upon "the essential importance of being true to the most minute particular."

The statement signed by Dr. Brown, the single word *drowned* excepted, contains an exact account of the evidence elicited in my presence by his inquiries. It was drawn up, somewhat hastily, in my house, immediately after the interviews, and although for private, not personal considerations, I did not sign it, I am equally responsible for its accuracy. No threats of "being taken up," or other coercive means, were employed by Dr. Brown or myself, for as we had no legal authority, so did we not attempt to obtain forced answers. The truth was first of all told me by Mrs. Arrowsmith, on the 15th of January. *

Jane Arrowsmith, it appears, from both Mrs. Halliday's and Mrs. Arrowsmith's statements, occasionally had hysterical convulsions during the mesmeric *séances*, and the former, in consequence, was so miserable when the *séance* was prolonged to a late hour (as on the evening of October 15th,) that her sister-in-law used to go and sit with her, after her children were in bed, and so was there when Jane Arrowsmith so artfully and innocently, at Mrs. Wynyard's desire, went, after seeing the "vision," to ask what news. *

In the like spirit of candour and honesty which characterizes Mrs. Wynyard's whole letter, she in-

forms us she did take tea with Miss Martineau, Mr. C. and myself, a circumstance of no further importance than that the being out of the room—and, perhaps, with the innocent J., afforded ample opportunity, if there was the desire, for collusion. The fact, however, is, Mrs. Wynyard did not take tea with our party that evening; but some time after the hour which Miss Martineau had named for the commencement of the *séance*, supposing Mrs. Wynyard and J. to await a summons, she asked me to ring the bell, and having desired the servant to send them, Mrs. Wynyard herself first made her appearance, and in a minute afterwards returned for Jane. As Mrs. Wynyard is so particular about “stating failure with the same fidelity as success,” I am surprised she should have omitted all notice of the watch scene. It would certainly have been more correct to have mentioned it in her notes.

Miss Martineau herself bears testimony in my favour as to Jane's pretended *clairvoyance*, and contradicts Mrs. Wynyard's present assertion that “Jane never had the power of seeing objects with closed eyes—never professed to have it—nor, as far as I know, was ever asserted to possess it.” The following will be found among the questions and answers set forth by that lady [*Athenæum*, No. 893, p. 1117]:—“How is it that you can see without your eyes?” “Ah! that is a curious thing,” &c. Again, “Though usually disdaining to try to read with the eyes shut, &c., she has twice written when desired....” “And once she drew a church and a ship, about as well as she might have done it with open eyes.”

The next subject for comment is the momentous one of the *séance*, upon my presumed inaccuracy respecting which both Miss Martineau and Mrs. Wynyard have laid great weight. I have ascertained that Miss Martineau has a great dislike to *séance*; and, as Jane delivered her Pythian oracles in a whisper only, I might possibly have misunderstood the word; but a friend—previous to the appearance of Miss Martineau's answer—told me, after reading the statement in the *Athenæum*, that Miss Martineau had herself given a precisely similar account a day or two afterwards. *Séance* or no *séance*, the other facts are accurate; and I well remember especially Mrs. Wynyard's assertion, that “all down stairs were sworn to secrecy, and would divulge nothing,” excited at the time the hearty laughter of both Mr. C. and myself.

Neither Dr. Brown nor myself “assume the privilege of prying into the domestic affairs of private gentlemen.” Miss Martineau courted investigation, and assuredly the subject has been sifted to the bottom. That there has been gross deception and misrepresentation is now clear; whether there has likewise been fraud and conspiracy to deceive an earnest and zealous lady, or whether all parties have been self-deluded, I do not take upon myself to pronounce, but leave each one to draw his own conclusions from the facts and statements placed before him.

The authority is given for the statement that Mrs. Wynyard dismissed her maid for reasons connected with mesmeric practice. I have, four times within a short period, from different persons, all likely to know the truth—once in the presence of Dr. Brown—heard the same reason assigned, and the subject formed matter for conversation in the neighbourhood immediately after the event took place. However, we must be content, I suppose, to receive Mrs. Wynyard's assertion that she dismissed her maid for refusing to take a letter to the post, with nevertheless the most important admission that she (the maid) “asserted that J. knew the circumstances of the wreck” before the *séance*. One other really valuable fact that has been elicited through this discussion, in justice to Miss Martineau, ought not to be overlooked: it is this: the daily notes of J.'s case were taken, and afterwards kept by Mrs. Wynyard, and therefore from those notes Miss Martineau must have taken her statement of circumstances for publication in her letters.

My relationship to the gentleman who attended Miss Martineau is not pertinent to the subject under discussion. He knew nothing about the publication of my notes until after their appearance in the *Athenæum*, and Mrs. Montague Wynyard may have whatever credit she can extract from the result of her professional services to Jane Arrowsmith, whose aunt solemnly declared in the presence of Dr. Brown and

myself, that her general health is so injured, that, in her opinion, she will never be well again as long as she lives, whilst her local complaint still undergoes the same remissions and exacerbations it did before mesmeric treatment was tried for its removal. I never had Jane Arrowsmith under my care, and therefore the gratuitous assertion that I was her unsuccessful medical adviser is in strict accordance with the other truthful sayings of this person.

The public, and especially the members of the medical profession, are thus a second time indebted to the persevering zeal of Dr. Forbes for exposing Mesmerism in its true colours; for had he not requested Dr. Brown to obtain the facts of the case as developed by personal inquiries on the spot, the riddle might as yet have remained untold. “Facts are stubborn things,” and all I have stated in my present and former communications are facts. They cannot be disproved, and are amply sufficient to prove the true character of the miracles and marvels which have occupied so much of the public attention during the last four months. Additional proofs might easily be adduced, and a fuller report of the memorable *séance* of October 15th would only confirm the opinion—if, indeed, accumulated evidence could do so—which all impartial readers must already have formed. I therefore here take leave of the far-famed “Tyne-mouth mystery,” and congratulate you upon the complete explanation it has received in your pages. If again assailed with similar charges, it is not my intention to notice them. The great end that has been accomplished, in the elucidation of truth and the clearing away of mystery, rests not now only upon my evidence or truthfulness. I am, &c.,

E. HEADLAM GREENHOW.

London, April 1, 1845.

As Miss Martineau has occasioned publicity of a letter which I wrote to Mrs. Arrowsmith in December last, I wish she had also sent to you a copy of my reply to her answer, because it may appear, from my subsequent silence, that I was a believer in the absurd pretensions to preternatural power which the girl J. assumed, and which it is lamentable to perceive a woman of Miss Martineau's intellect should be so completely deceived by. Mrs. Arrowsmith's letter confirmed the suspicions I had previously entertained. *

I am, &c. MATTHEW NOTTINGHAM.

We have cut down Mr. Nottingham's letter to a simple protest. We have also omitted from Mr. Greenhow's all merely collateral proofs—amongst others, the attested depositions of certain important witnesses—because it appears to us quite idle to go on accumulating evidence of what has been already proved beyond all dispute. This evidence, however, has not been thrown aside as useless. Hitherto, our sole purpose has been to show that Miss Martineau had been imposed on;—that the Statement, on which her case of *clairvoyance* rested, was untrue—and we have done this out of the mouths of her own witnesses, even of Mrs. Montague Wynyard herself,—but we may hereafter go further and submit a history in little of this memorable *séance*, in which case this collateral evidence will be important, as links, in the narrative.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

THE new Diorama is an excellent picture, on an interesting subject, the Castle of Heidelberg. The popular effect of the ‘Valley of Alagna’ is, in some sort, reproduced in it, or, to speak more exactly, reversed; since the magnificent ruin, with the University town at its feet, and the bright Neckar beyond, are at first represented as wrapped in the mantle of sternest winter. The change, which according to established custom, must come over every one of these dioramic landscapes, brings on a rich summer sunset, with its glory in the west, and, what is more marvellous, trees loaded with foliage, where, lately, were only the bald and frowning rocks:—since the absence of even leafless stems in the winter “prospect” has been all but complete. Then, too, the diffusion of light over the sky is not precisely correct to nature; the glow being a *stripe* across the picture, instead of an *embrace* radiating from the spot at which the sun has sunk below the horizon. The defects we have mentioned are possibly inevitable from the manner of painting. Even the Daguerreotype pictures—Nature's own transcript of herself—leave us something to desire:—how much then must the most cunning of mortals fall short when dealing with the

evanescent changes of light and shadow! Therefore, though remarking the above exceptions, we are not inconsistent in commending the present Diorama as worthy of its predecessors.

We are glad to find that the contemplated destruction of that ancient remnant of ecclesiastical structure, St. John's Gate, has been arrested by the notice called to its antiquarian and literary claims for exemption from the provisions of the New Building Act,—and is now in course of restoration.—We are happy to announce, too, that the restoration of the Portland Vase is proceeding successfully; and that this fine relic will, ere long, be restored to the public, not materially blemished by the strange outrage to which it has been exposed.

Mr. Murray announces an illuminated and illustrated edition of the Book of Common Prayer; the borders, scrolls, foliage, head-pieces, and vignettes given in the prospectus and specimen, are truly decorative. No fewer than seven hundred different ornamental initials, and eight illuminated titles, original designs by Owen Jones, are promised. The resources of modern art and mechanical invention are thus employed in the publication at a moderate price for the many, of embellished works which, in the Middle Ages, were necessarily confined to a few wealthy proprietors, from the great expense of their production. Mr. Parker is about to publish ‘Elements of Morality, including Polity,’ by W. Whewell, D.D., Master of Trinity College; and ‘Charities; or, Illustrations of the Private Life of the Ancient Greeks,’ by Professor W. A. Becker, translated by F. Metcalfe, B.A.

Particulars relative to a great collection of Buddhist books, preserved at Thibet, have been furnished by a Mongolian priest to some French missionaries; and are made the subject of an appeal by the *Journal des Débats* to the government on behalf of the *Bibliothèque Royale*,—to which such a collection would form a valuable addition. It is known to many Orientalists that the universal collection of Buddhist volumes, kept in that city, forms two vast compilations, called the *Gandjour* (108 folio volumes), and the *Dandjour* (240 folio volumes), but it has been generally unknown in Europe, that these two encyclopaedic collections have been published at Pekin, by the Emperors of the reigning dynasty, in the Chinese, Mandchou, Mogul and Thibetan tongues, and that the 1392 volumes composing these four translations, may be there purchased for about 1560*l*.

Prince Albert, we perceive, has consented to have his name put down as a patron of the Festival about to be held in Manchester, in aid of the fund for erecting Baths and Wash-houses.—Speaking of the Sanitary Arrangements now making for the happiness and improvement of the people, it is not a little singular, that while the overgrown and crowded cities of the kingdom are seeking at great loss to make clearings for the purpose of obtaining parks and pleasure-grounds, that same unwholesome growth of bricks and mortar should be permitted in other places, to overrun the play-grounds which nature has provided and centuries have consecrated. The spirit of building speculation is, it seems, about to invade the beautiful fields in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, over which the breeze and the populace have so long played together, amid a world of meadows:—and the South Inch of Perth, one of the twin parks of that name which form the finest features in the beautiful scenery that surrounds the “fair city,”—is about to have one third of its immemorial space shut up by buildings connected with the termini of four different railways. To break up such natural reservoirs of health at the time when others are taking pains to form them, is not merely to be behind the philanthropic genius of the age, but to be going deliberately backwards; and we trust that the public spirit which is actively creating elsewhere, will be aroused to the easier task of preserving, in all places so naturally favoured as the towns in question.

The officers employed in the various Polar Expeditions have presented to Sir John Adair, on retiring from office as Secretary of the Admiralty, a Candelabrum, with an inscription testifying to his talent and energy in the promotion of Arctic discovery.

Mehemet Ali's vast projects for the improvement of the soil of Egypt appear to extend themselves in the ratio of his failing health and declining years.

The barrage of the Nile is proceeding, on the plan which we have already announced; and the Pacha is, we hear, on the road, with his principal engineers, to visit the Lake Meris, with a view to devising the means of employing, like the Pharaohs of old, their vast lake, as a basin for the irrigation of Egypt during the droughts of summer. The following letter gives us information less satisfactory:—

No. 12, Cork Street, Burlington Gardens, April 2.

I have just learned, by letters from Alexandria, brought by the last post, that the same process, described in your paper of August last, [No. 878,] of the destruction of the remains of antiquity in and about that city, is still continued with unrelenting perseverance. Within the last month the iconoclastic occupants of the soil have come down upon some very interesting tombs belonging to the primitive Christians of Egypt, that are being broken up as fast as they are uncovered, to furnish stone for the new fortifications. These tombs are situate on the sea-shore, to the eastward of the city, about a mile and a half from the Rosetta gate. It would appear that the early Christians of Alexandria were buried in the same ground with their Pagan relations, for in that quarter very curious excavated catacombs of Greek design, having pilasters, mouldings, and other architectural decorations belonging to that style, have been long known; in them, however, no Christian emblem exists, nor was ever seen, as far as I am aware; but in those of recent discovery, some very interesting Christian inscriptions in the Greek language have been found, and saved by an enlightened countryman, from the lime-kiln which stands ready on the brink of each excavation to devour with insatiable jaw all that is convertible into that material. Many a beautiful and interesting relic of antiquity, in this way, entirely disappears, not only in Alexandria; but in all those cities occupied by Turks or Arabs that happen to be situated in the channel where yet the ancient stream of commerce lingers; otherwise they are saved by neglect, except indeed where that utter devastation has taken place, the accomplishment of divine wrath, as at Babylon, Nineveh, and some cities in the Delta.

I remain, &c. J. BONOMI.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PAUL MALL.

The Gallery for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten in the Morning till Five in the Evening.—Admission, 2s.; Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

The EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of BRITISH ARTISTS, BURLINGTON GARDENS, PAUL MALL, EAST, is NOW OPEN DAILY from Nine A.M. till Dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.

EDWARD HASSELL, Secretary.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—March 10.

—H. E. Kendall, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Mr. C. Freeman was elected a Fellow, and Messrs. W. Beck, T. Lewis, and E. Nash, Associates.

Mr. Billings read a 'Description of the Carving Machine patented by Mr. S. Pratt, jun.' This machine, invented by Mr. Irving for the preparation of materials for inlaying, has been adapted for carving by Mr. Pratt. In its principle, it is a compound of the lathe, the drill, and the pentagraph. The material on which the tracery is to be carved is fixed on a table turning on a centre; the tool, acting in the manner of a centre-bit, is attached to an arm, also working on a centre, and is made to revolve with great velocity by means of a strap. Guided by a pattern of cast-iron, the tool, by the double movement of the arm and the table, can be made to pass through any combination of curves, drilling out the material as it passes over it. The lines of the tracery are determined by the iron pattern, and the depth and form of the sinking by the shape and position of the tool; and if a double moulding is required, two patterns and two tools and a double operation are necessary: but as the pattern consists merely of a thin flat sheet of perforated iron, and the value of a tool amounts only to a few pence, the additional cost of variety in design to any extent is scarcely perceptible. The tool and its position at the end of the arm once adapted to the section of the moulding to be produced, the rest is purely mechanical. The workman guides the tool with one hand, and the table with the other, and the tracery comes out with a rapidity which may be imagined when it is stated, that the tool makes three thousand evolutions in a

minute; so that a tool with eight teeth, or edges, makes twenty-four thousand cuts in that space of time, the wood flying off as fine as sawdust, and the surface being left at once in a state of perfect finish and smoothness. The cost of the work thus executed does not exceed one-fourth of that of the same labour performed by hand. Stone is worked with the same facility as wood, and the machine has been found equally effectual, though of course less rapid, upon marble.—Mr. Billings concluded by inviting visitors to inspect the machine any Wednesday morning at the works, in Ecclestone Place, Pimlico.

March 31.—J. B. Papworth, V.P., in the chair. The following gentlemen were elected members: Mr. J. Burrell, as Fellow; Messrs. A. Bailey and G. S. Clarke, as Associates. The decease of M. Serrure, honorary and corresponding member, was announced.

A paper was read by Mr. E. M. Foxhall, descriptive of the mode adopted in constructing the chimney connected with the saw-mills erected at Mr. Cubitt's premises, Pimlico. The peculiar features of the chimney are, first, that instead of presenting the usual unsightly appearance of an ordinary steam-engine chimney, the shaft being encased in a tower, the structure assumes, with but little additional expense, the appearance of an Italian campanile; and, secondly, from the mode of construction employed, the smoke shaft being unconnected with the tower, an opportunity, such as rarely occurs on so extensive a scale, is afforded of ascertaining the effect of heat in expanding brickwork. The smoke shaft is circular, and about 120 feet in height, the internal diameter is 5 feet: for 24 feet from the footings the brick-work is 14 inches in thickness, after which it is reduced to 10 inches, then to 9, 8, 7, and finally to 6 inches, the bricks being of a segmental form made for the purpose. The variation in the heat of the chimney is never more than 250° of Fahrenheit, and by a gauge placed at the height of 90 feet from the ground, the brick-work is found with that heat to rise nearly $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch; proving clearly that the materials with which an architect has to deal are constantly varying in their bulk with the changes in the temperature of the atmosphere. The upper portion of the tower, besides a belfry and clock-room, affords space for a capacious cistern for the supply of the steam boiler, should occasion require its being brought into action either through the failure of the force-pump, through the evaporation of water from the boilers, or neglect in filling them at the proper time, thereby diminishing to a great extent the risk of explosion from such causes, and rendering the boilers less liable to be deranged. These advantages, together with the saving of fuel in consequence of the smoke shaft being protected from cooling influences, are considered to compensate amply for the increased outlay.

A paper was likewise read by Mr. E. I'Anson, jun., 'On the Architecture of the Renaissance in France.'

—The paper began with some observations on the style of the French Flamboyant, particularly as to the high-pitched roofs prevailing at the time this style of architecture flourished, and mention was made of several buildings, both ecclesiastical and civil, wherein this feature was developed. Mr. I'Anson then alluded to the invasions by the French of Italy, during the reigns of Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I., and remarked on the influence of Italian art, with which the French were, by this means, made familiar, and which had at this epoch, under the patronage of the Medici, arrived at a high state of excellence; the change which at that time pervaded all Europe, not less in art than in religion, was likewise glanced at. With this introduction to the subject the paper detailed at length the numerous works of Francis I., describing the Castle of Fontainebleau and other extensive edifices built or altered by that monarch, or by the contemporaneous nobility of France. Attention was called to the fact, that French artists were entirely engaged at Fontainebleau in the earlier works, executed under Francis I., and that it was after Italian artists had been called in for the internal decoration that their talents were employed on the exterior; its new and marked character as a transition style was likewise pointed out. The subject was further developed in an account of the château d'Ecouen, and the château of the Louvre, particularly mentioning being made of Pierre l'Estot and Jean Gougeon; and, in the works of Philibert de l'Orme and others, was continued until the close of the 15th century;

and, lastly, a few remarks were made extolling the beauty of details in the style of the Renaissance, claiming for it a position in art only second to the great works of the *cinque cento* of Italy, and giving it pre-eminence over the works of our Elizabethan school.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—March 18.—The President, Sir J. Rennie, in the chair.—A paper 'On the Drainage of the Ancholme Level,' by the President, was read. It commenced by describing the position of the Ancholme Level, which consists of a low tract of land of about 200,000 acres, situated on the south side of the River Humber, about ten miles below its junction with the river Trent. The river Ancholme runs through the centre, and with its tributary streams, empties itself into the Humber at the village of Ferraby. The alluvial matter brought down by these streams formed a bar at the junction of the Ancholme with the Humber; which, by preventing the discharge of the drainage waters, caused the level to be inundated, rendering this tract of land unfit for tillage. The paper then, after entering into historical detail as to the works which were executed at various periods from the time of the Romans to render this tract of land available for agricultural purposes, stated that, in the year 1801, the late Mr. Rennie being applied to for the best plan for improving and completing the drainage and navigation of the level, reported that he attributed its defective drainage to the deficient capacity of the Ancholme and the subsidiary drains to carry off the floods; to the cill of the old Ferraby sluice having been laid too high; and to there not being any catchwater drains to prevent the floods from the adjacent high lands descending into the level. As a remedy, he recommended that the main river, Ancholme, should be further improved by straightening and enlarging its channel; and that two new locks should be placed upon it; also that, with a view to preventing the floods from the highlands inundating the level, two catchwater drains should be made, one on the east side and the other on the west side of the river Ancholme, with separate and independent sluices at their junction with the Humber, by which means all the highland and lowland waters would be separated, and each body of water would thus be discharged into the Humber without interfering with the other. The catchwater drains involved an important and novel principle; for, in his opinion, by the old Dutch method of simply cutting a series of straight drains to some convenient point for discharging their water, the highland and lowland waters were mixed together, and the highland waters coming from a higher level with greater velocity down upon the lowlands, forced their way first to the outfall. The less rapid waters of the lowlands were thus kept back and were left to stagnate, the sluices being unable to discharge the whole body of water during the time when the tide with the Humber permitted the sluice doors to be opened; and it was thus impossible that the level could be drained: but by separating the highland from the lowland waters, each body could be effectually discharged by an independent sluice. These catchwater drains would answer also the purposes of irrigation during dry seasons, and for navigation. The plans which were also at the same period being beneficially carried into effect by Mr. Rennie, and on a more extensive scale, in the East and West Wildmore fens, near Boston, and also on the Witham, near Lincoln, were partially executed, but the works not being completed, and for want of funds not being kept in repair, the drainage was found insufficient; and at length Sir John Rennie was called in to complete the system. He proposed that the plans of his father should be carried out; that the Ancholme should be further improved, and a new sluice made at Ferraby, with a cill placed at a lower level, and new bridges made throughout the line; also that an overflow and weir should be constructed, with a large reservoir to catch the sand which was brought by floods from the surrounding hills and had previously blocked up the main and lateral drains. Minor weirs and reservoirs were also recommended for the smaller drains where they united with the level. These works having been executed, the effect was, that the drainage was rendered complete, and the district was converted into a tract of fine arable land. Subsequently, another sluice was constructed below Ferra-

by, with its sill two feet below the low water mark of extra spring tides in the Humber. This sluice, which had three openings of eighteen feet each in width, with draw doors and self-acting gates, was perfect in its effect, discharging above four times the quantity of water, in the same time, than had been previously accomplished.—In a discussion which ensued, the correctness of the principle was admitted, and it was shown, that by selecting proper localities for the outfalls, and by placing the sills of the sluices below low water mark of spring tides, there were not any fen districts that could not be drained without mechanical aid.

April 1.—Sir John Rennie, President, in the chair.—The paper read was by Mr. A. A. Croll, 'On the construction and use of Gas Meters.'—It first noticed the necessity for a means of accurately measuring the consumption of gas, in order that the honest consumer might not be obliged to pay for the frauds of the dishonest, as was actually the case at present, as the gas companies were obliged to charge such a price for their gas as would cover all contingencies. Then after relating many flagrant instances of fraud on the gas companies, and the methods by which they were practised, the author attributed the loss of 30 per cent. of the gas produced, which was not accounted for in the consumption, rather to the fraudulent consumption than to the leakage, either from bad joints or through the pores of the iron pipes, as had been sought to be established in a former discussion. The author's own practical observations induced him to limit the amount of leakage to under 5 per cent. If from the 2,700,000 cubic feet of gas, which was distributed daily from the works of the Chartered Gas Company alone, there was a leakage of 30 per cent. 810,000 cubic feet of carburetted hydrogen gas would be let free daily in a comparatively limited district of the streets of London, which would render the atmosphere unbreathable. This calculation was exclusive of the nine other large companies whose pipes pervaded the other districts. The paper also contended, that the theory of the decomposition of the gas in the earth was inadmissible, as in that case the hydrogen would be converted into water, and the carbon, which would amount to nearly 3,000 tons annually, would be deposited in the soil. The author then described the Water Meter, as invented by Clegg, and improved by Cropley, showing its defects, and the facility with which it could be made subservient to fraud. He then showed the various obsolete meters of the Dry Meter Company, and of Sullivan, and then explained the action of Defries' three-Chambered Meter. The paper closed with a description and illustration of Croll and Richard's Dry Meter, which, in the opinion of the author, possess superior qualities, being more accurate in its measurement on account of the chambers opening by the direct action of the discs, there being no action upon the diaphragm, and each chamber being completely filled and emptied at each interval. It was admitted that the use of the leather was objectionable, but hitherto no better material had been discovered, and the attention of the makers had chiefly been directed towards diminishing the extent of leather exposed to the action of the gas; that either of the meters was preferable to the water meter in its present state.—The following candidates were elected: Messrs. W. H. Barlow, as Member; J. Scott, R. Lindley, J. Adams, and G. Berkeley, as Associates.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.—March 4.—R. Brown, Esq., in the chair.—J. S. Bowerbank, Esq., Dr. F. Plomley, and D. Price, Esq., were elected Fellows.—A portion of a paper was read by the secretary, 'On the Botany of the Gallapagos Islands,' by Dr. J. D. Hooker. The plants described were collected by C. Darwin, Esq., and had been placed in the hands of Professor Hemslow, who had commenced their description. The plants of the Gallapagos Islands not only differ from those of the rest of the world, but the different islands of the group exhibited representative species. The collection of Mr. Darwin consisted of about 150 species, of which 50 were new.—A paper was read from G. Newport, Esq., 'On the Lithobiidae.'

March 18.—E. Forster, Esq., in the chair.—E. Doubleday, Esq., was elected a Fellow.—A paper was read by Mr. E. Quekett, 'On the Structure of the Trunks of Plants as exhibited in Siliceous Casts of Trunks from Fossil Wood.' The casts confirmed by

their form the general view that the spire of vascular tissue is formed inside the membrane. Casts of the dotted and glandular tissue proved that the dots were cavities, whose concavity was presented to the interior of the vessel in which they occurred.—A paper was read by Mr. Doubleday, of the British Museum, 'On the Nervures of the Wings of Lepidoptera as a means of Classification.' By this mode the old genera of Argynnis and Melitæa were thrown into groups, whose geographical distribution agreed with their anatomical division.—A paper was read from Mr. Walker, 'On the Eurytomidae.'

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—March 12.—B. B. Cabbell, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—D. P. Hewitt and W. H. Burnett, Esqs., were elected members. The secretary described a 'Method of Packing Camp Equipage,' by Mr. Wright, which consists of a wooden case 4 feet 9 inches in length, by 18 inches deep, and 12 inches wide; containing a tent 12 feet in diameter at bottom and 8 feet at top, which is made to open and shut as an umbrella; the jointed pole on which it is fixed is 10 feet in length,—a clear headway of 6½ feet is preserved under the stretchers when the tent is fixed,—two forms and two stools, together constituting seats for twelve persons, four foot boards, a four-legged table 3 feet long by 2 feet wide, a box and cooking apparatus, complete the equipage,—weighs less than 1 cwt., and can be taken to pieces or put together in 20 minutes.

The Secretary next described Mr. A. Dacey's 'Knife and Fork Apparatus.'

The last subject brought forward, was the 'Patent Dental Carving Machine,' by Mr. Tomes.

March 19.—W. H. Hughes, Esq., V.P. in the chair.—The following were elected members: H. D. Davenport, J. Philp, V. Ternie, G. Wilson, and C. Meeking, Esqs.

The secretary described the substance called "Gutta Percha." It is the juice of a large indigenous forest tree in Singapore; and is obtained by cutting notches through the bark, when it exudes in the form of a milky juice which soon curdles. In its chemical properties it somewhat resembles Caoutchouc, but is much less elastic; it however possesses qualities, which that substance does not, which will render it of considerable value as a substitute for medical instruments in hot climates. The Gutta Percha, when dipped in water nearly at the boiling point, can readily be united, and becomes quite plastic, so as to be formed (before it cools below 130° to 140° Fahrenheit,) into any required shape, and which it retains at any temperature below 110°; in this state it is very rigid and tough, and is used in Singapore for chopper handles, &c., in preference to buffalo horn, and does not appear to undergo any change in the hot damp climate of the Straits of Malacca. The secretary produced casts from medals, a rough lathe band, a short pipe, &c., which he had formed for the occasion, a soda-water bottle containing the juice as collected from the tree had been entirely inclosed by a covering of the Gutta Percha, which was as tough as leather, but by immersion in hot water for two or three minutes was removed, and formed again into a solid lump.

Dr. J. G. Hewlett read a paper 'On Atmospheric Railways.'

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.
SAT. Asiatic Society, 2 P.M.
MON. Entomological Society, 8.
TUES. Civil Engineers, 8.—'Account of Cast-Iron Pier at Gravesend,' by Mr. Redman.—'On Corrosion of Metals,' by Mr. Adie.
WED. Literary Fund, 3.
— Society of Arts, half-past 7.—General Meeting.
— London Institution, 7.—Illustrations of Magnetic Principles and Phenomena, by the Rev. Dr. Seabridge.
THURS. Royal Society, half-past 8.
— Royal Society of Literature, 4.
— Society of Antiquaries, 8.
FRI. Astronomical Society, 8.
— Royal Institution, half-past 8.—Mr. Nasmyth 'On Lunar Volcanic Craters.'

FINE ARTS.

BATHS AND WASH-HOUSES FOR THE LABOURING CLASSES.

Public exhibitions of competition designs are of less frequent occurrence than they ought to be. All the more singular, therefore, that an exception should have been made in favour of designs so little attractive and intelligible to the public; since the drawings consist of mere diagrams of constructive anatomy—of sections and dissections, laying bare to view pipes,

flues, drains, and all the unsightly viscera of a fabric. That the competitors themselves did not at all contemplate the chance of a public exhibition, is evident, from the very little pains they have bestowed on their elevations, which certainly will not fascinate or mislead by the seductive charms of graphic execution. For this reason, perhaps, it was that one competitor took alarm and refused to let his drawings be exhibited. Of the remaining twenty-one, some would have done well to follow his example, their designs being vague and unsatisfactory in the plans, and still more obviously unsatisfactory to the eye.

It was with more of curiosity than hope that we entered Mr. Rainy's gallery, where the exhibition took place, but a cursory inspection convinced us that the competitors had steered clear of one mistake which we had anticipated—architectural projects, ambitious of rivaling by their scale of grandeur, if not of extent, the Thermæ of Diocletian and Titus. Looking for instances of splendid failure arising from the impracticability of extravagant imaginings and exaggerated grandeur, all the greater, though not more agreeable, was our surprise at finding exactly the reverse,—designs, which so far from making any pretensions to classical style and character, aimed at almost every other style, and any character but that which would indicate the purpose of the intended building. While some were confessedly Gothic alms-houses, others looked like stables, warehouses, or manufactories. One figured in the likeness of a huge Swiss cottage; another in the simplicity of modern Grecian, with its severity ingeniously relieved by garnishing of Elizabethan and Louis Quatorze ornaments; a third showed a regular composition à la Pecksniff, eked out into a grand façade, by a couple of snug suburban cottage houses, with their own entrances, being squeezed in between an Ionic portico of most Cockney physiognomy, and the end compartments, which, like the portico itself, have Ionic columns, with a sort of huge gaping shop-window between them; a fourth design is in aspects of Moorish style, but denuded of all its characteristics, except the mere outline of arches and windows. Even the best are only entitled to the negative praise of being inoffensive, and not absolutely ridiculous. Their exteriors would just as well suit any range of street-houses, for they have more the appearance of a line of uniform dwelling-houses than of a single large building. While as to interior architecture, that is wholly out of the question: among them all there is not one design that makes any pretension to it, or which even so much as provides the degree of effect which attends mere space and extent of lines and surfaces, though the walls themselves be quite bare. The inside of a London porter brewery, or the sheds of a railway station, with their expanse of roof, are strikingly picturesque and grandiose in comparison with the low, huddled-up and squeezed-up places shown in the sections of these exhibited designs. Some of them provide separate cabins or closets for the washer-women, and in one instance, if not more, a passage only two feet wide is left between two long ranges of these, so that two women with baskets or bundles of linen could scarcely pass. In one, the receptacle for fuel is literally only a coal-hole, not capable of containing above a few tons, or little more than sufficient for a couple of days' consumption in such an establishment, and besides, so placed that the coals would have to be brought in either through the grand portico!—or the door by the side of it, which serves as a common entrance for females who wash clothes and the males who wash themselves.

One thing which at first looks rather odd, is, that so very few competitors should have entered the lists on this occasion. When designs were required for the new Houses of Parliament, nearly one hundred presented themselves, although the subject required far more than average ability and no small share of self-confidence; whereas not more than a fifth of that number have cared to try for the Public Baths and Washing Houses. Even among those who have done so there are very few architects—only two or three in fact whose names we ever heard of before; the rest seem to be either engineers or builders. That such persons confine their practice to construction does not at all account for the deplorably bad taste and ignorance which they here betray in architectural design. It might be thought that per-

sons in their position must almost of course acquire some relish for architecture and obtain some insight into its principles. As matter of business they naturally give their chief attention to what comes within their immediate sphere of employment; yet that does not prevent them from turning to architecture as a secondary pursuit, intimately allied with their own, and affording a congenial relaxation from drier studies. At all events, they seem to stand very much nearer to architecture than any other class of the public, and ought, therefore, to possess some kindred feeling for it.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

A SOIREE MUSICALE in aid of the FUNDS of KING'S COLLEGE HOSPITAL, will be given at the residence of Dr. ROYLE, 4, Bute-street, Manchester-square, on WEDNESDAY, April 9, to commence at Half-past Eight o'clock. The following eminent artists have most kindly promised their valuable assistance:—Vocalists, Mdle. Schloss, Miss Maria B. Hawes, the Misses Pyne, and Mdme. F. Lablache; Signor Brizi, Herr Kroff, and Signor F. Lablache. Instrumentalists: Pianoforte, Mdme. Dulcken and Mr. Neate; Concertina, by Mr. Geo. Case; Violoncello, Mr. Goodham; Clarinet, Herr Edward Meyer. Tickets, 1s. 6d. each, may be had at Dr. Royle's residence, or at Charles Olivier's Royal Musical Repository, 41 and 43, New Bond-street.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

On WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT, April 9, 1845, will be performed, for the first time in London, 'DAVID,' an Oratorio composed by the Chevalier Neukomm. Principal Vocal Performers—Miss Lucombe, Miss Barrett, Mr. Manvers, Mr. Allan, Mr. Machin, and Herr Staudigl. The Band and Chorus will consist of above Five Hundred Performers. Tickets, 2s. each; Reserved Seats, 5s., may be had of the principal Musicians—of Mr. Bowley, 53, Charing Cross, Mr. Mitchell, 39, Charing Cross, and of Mr. Ries, 102, Strand, opposite Exeter Hall.

THOMAS BREWER, Hon. Sec.

The Subscription to the Society is One Guinea per annum. Persons desirous of becoming Subscribers are requested to apply at Exeter Hall, on Tuesday Evening, between the hours of Eight and Ten.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The new *prima donna* introduced on Tuesday last in Donizetti's 'Lucia,' has entirely and deservedly succeeded. The difficulty of this achievement, can only be rightly estimated by those considering how completely Madame Persiani had, here and in Paris, possessed herself of the Opera: making her part in it a marvel of vocal skill and quiet yet deep pathos combined. We were as much surprised as delighted; not having, we may fairly confess, rated Madame Castellan as a concert singer so high as it was the fashion to do last year. Her true sphere is, at all events, the stage. There the lights, the distance, and the costume, metamorphose a pretty French lady into a beautiful woman—while the larger arena seems to give a certain polish and sonorosity to a voice which frequently in the orchestra sounded thick and throaty. The want with Madame Castellan is still a voluble and easy delivery,—in plain Italian, the *bocca* of our southern neighbours. An organ of so brilliant a compass—extending from a flat below the stave to c sharp or even b above,—and such even and agreeable quality, ought to be made to answer at a second's warning. Hers does not always; and hence arises an appearance of strain and effort, reminding us of the worst traditional faults of old French singing. Madame Castellan has obviously bestowed much practice on the executive portions of her art; but she still needs that general regulation in the delivery of her tone; the result of which is such readiness as a Persian can acquire, if not such spontaneity as only belongs to peerless instruments like Grisi's voice. Her accent too, and articulation, stand in need of amendment: but she is young enough, and obviously sufficiently in earnest to subdue any small defects, and to add the few graces wanting;—this done, a future of first-rate honours is before her. She restored the original *entrata* to Lucia, and in the mad scene interpolated a piece of grand *cantabile*, in itself hardly so effective as the *largo* which Persiani used to sing with the pathos of a breaking heart. The character of Lucia, as an acting part, is comprised in the second act. Madame Castellan's conception of this seemed full of good and true notions, somewhat restrained in their execution by want of stage experience. In particular, her unwilling entrance to sign the contract struck us as gentle, unexaggerated and affecting. Altogether we have rarely witnessed the *début* in London of an artist so young in her career more satisfactory, as well as promising. But to say that Madame Castellan is first-rate would be to stand in the way of her becoming so.

ing so. A paragraph must be added in justice to Signor Moriani, whom the subscribers seem disposed to receive as much too coldly this spring as they overdid fair welcome last year. Signor Moriani was never in such fine voice in 1844 as on last Thursday evening—never sung so well up to time; with so much accent and *nuance*—thanks, in part, to Signor Costa's unsleeping resolution to keep matters moving. His delivery of "Fra poco" was many degrees more refined than last year's. Is it that Duprez, for whom the part of *Edgardo* was written, and who intends to perform it in English during his coming visit to London, is "casting his shadow before," and piquing competitors into unusual care and finish? However this may be, the wholesale depreciators of Signor Moriani (and there are such) could not have persisted in their line of conduct on Thursday, without utter unfairness: while his admirers would have been warranted in some extra enthusiasm.—Madame Grisi, Signor Mario, and Signor Lablache, are to appear immediately: and La Nina, a Spanish *dansuse* of the highest Peninsular reputation.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—The first of these solemn concerts under the auspices of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, on Wednesday evening, was more than usually soporific. There were novelties it is true: a fine selection from a 'Te Deum' by Sarti—a *Motetto* by Cherubini—a *Graduale*, by Seyfried—a Quartett by Weigl, and a Quartett and Chorus by Caldara; but the lethargic style of performance, in addition to the liberties so often taken by the conductor with the music under his care, rendered it, for the most part, impossible for the hearer to do more than guess at the effect or nature of the compositions thus introduced. The present condition of vocal art, as illustrated by the performance of Wednesday, is unhappily less doubtful. Madame Caradori Allen and Mr. Machin were the only vocalists worthy of the choicest music the world has produced, and the most aristocratic audience which can be got together in England. We could not but feel what is lost by absence of training, on hearing the thick, guttural tones of Mdle. Schloss, in dialogue or union with the clear, polished, naturally produced voice of the elder lady. Our German guest has an organ superb as to power and original quality—but every new hearing makes it clearer that a glimmering of the finer nature of the singer's art has not reached her: and we cannot imagine on what principle she was appointed to sing Handel's *contralto* song, 'Return, O God of Hosts!' Then, how vexatious it is to national pride, to hear a magnificent voice like Miss Barrett's, the other lady-singer on Wednesday, presented in such a crude and incomplete state:—how wearisome to herself must it be, now, to undergo the strict and fatiguing course of vocalization still requisite! Again, the performance of Webbe's 'Discord, dire Sister,' was doleful enough to waken us painfully to the decadence which has taken place, even in such questionable wares as the oleaginous counter-tenors, and the time-less warbling tenors of our so-called English school. That which is new, in brief, seems sadly incomplete: that which is mature, all but destroyed. Is this "the history in little" of the exquisite art of Singing? We fear the answer might be alike startling and unsatisfactory; not only as concerns England, but the Continent also. Time permitting, we may, one day, analyze the causes of this: meanwhile, it must suffice to press its consideration on the profession and the public. We rejoice too sincerely in the general diffusion of musical science to consent, without a murmur, to see it accompanied by a falling off in such an important branch of executive power. The next concert is to be under the direction of H.R.H. the Prince Albert—at which it is rumoured that some curiosity—music, on "antique stringed instruments," is to be brought forward.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The secession of many "old, familiar faces," from the Hanover Square Rooms, made the first Philharmonic Concert, somewhat dreary in aspect; and the performance was suitably heavy. Sir H. R. Bishop is not quickened by his promotion; at least was not on Monday: fortunately, however, he could not hinder Mr. Loder and the band from sometimes escaping into the right tempo, both in the overture to 'Les Deux Journées,' and the March from Beethoven's c minor symphony. In the selec-

tion there was not a glimpse of novelty. Denied this, while listening to Haydn's Symphony, No. 7,—the most hackneyed of the hackneyed,—it occurred to us to match the amount of idea therein contained, with that of this much-talked-of 'Desert.' * Alas! that the new French composer should turn out one hundred years in *retreat* of the old German! As to construction, it would be, of course, absurd to draw a parallel: Haydn possessing a mastery over the art of composition, which enables him to stand the close neighbourhood of Beethoven better—if we may dare say it—than even Mozart. One *solo* was Beethoven's c minor concerto,—unwisely chosen.—the Symphony, being in the same key: it was played neatly and with understanding, by Madame Oury; her cadence, however, in the first movement (we were told composed by Czerny) was showy rather than masterly. The other concerto was one by Spohr, excellently played by M. Sainton. This gentleman is more to our taste as a *solo* player than as a first violin. The tone of his fourth string is wooden—but he is sure, brilliant, expressive; and is either less spasmodic in a public room than a chamber, or is wisely laying aside that peculiarity, as not calculated to please in England. Spohr's composition, too, is charming. He always shines when writing for his own instrument. The *rondo finale* is on a national theme, we apprehend; Ries having used the same melody for the *rondo* of his pianoforte Quartett in e flat.—The vocalists were Miss Rainforth, Sig. F. Lablache, and Madame Albertazzi. This lady almost irritates us by her phlegmatic manner of using the loveliest *mezzo soprano* voice with which throat was ever endowed, and which Time seems to have enriched. What would a Pasta or a Persiani, or our own Miss Kemble, have done with such means! After all, it is "the mind that sings," and one of the most liberally gifted artists of her time will, for want thereof, be passed over, so long as animation and expression are admired. Mozart's lovely 'Non piu di fiori' was correctly delivered by Madame Albertazzi—nothing more.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.—Now that the greater concerts are coming into full play, and the Opera (as it ought) is taking the lead in introducing novelties worth attention,—chamber-music, of necessity, is in some measure thrust out of sight. Some of the entertainments devoted to it are, indeed, wisely coming to a close;—Mr. Lucas's agreeable *Musical Evening*, and the *Soirées of the Society of British Musicians*, among the number. The promised "improvement on last year's performances" given by the director of the *Musical Union*, was the engagement, for his second meeting, of Mrs. Anderson as *pianiste*. It is not kind to the lady to thrust her forward as superior to Mendelssohn, Moscheles, Döhler: but to these inevitable discourtesies must such a management of such an ill-proportioned entertainment be driven; and in noting them (for principle's sake) it is not we, but Presidents and Vice-presidents who are severe. There was ample time ere the "Musical Union" commenced to have averted all such unpleasant comparisons. We have little further to say, beyond announcing the forthcoming appearance of M. Duprez, at Drury Lane:—we question if in time to save that fast-declining establishment. The "Sacred Harmonic Society," as was mentioned some weeks ago, is about to produce the Chevalier Neukomm's 'David' at their next concert, with Herr Staudigl in the music—if we must not say the part—of *Saul*.—The contest for the musical chair at Edinburgh has been terminated by the recent election of Mr. Donaldson.

The musical news from abroad is of no remarkable

* Having incidentally alluded to this composition, we may add, that a careful perusal of the published music of 'The Desert,' has confirmed to the full our judgment given last week. Deprived of orchestral contrasts, the innate meagreness of M. David's ideas becomes as evident as his want of constructive power. It seems the more necessary to insist on the verdict, since some of our contemporaries largely differ from us, and have recourse to strange practices in expressing the contrary opinion. We have to thank any original criticism, has availed himself of an article, published by M. Berlioz, in *Les Débats*. Such an implied reflection on English critics might be late pass, had not a system of working the press been of late creeping in, far too much in the unscrupulous French fashion to be regarded without the strongest protest by all who wish well to Art.

interest. We are told, indeed, that the 'Bianca e Gualtiero' of that distinguished Russian amateur, M. le Colonel Lvoff, has been given at St. Petersburg with triumphant success.—Madame Viardot and Rubini taking principal parts. A M. de Fresne, too, has been producing himself and his compositions in the select circle of the Abbaye-aux-Bois, at Paris, to the infinite admiration of the *feuilletonists*. Taught by past experience, we wait for more precise information ere we dare admit his claims. What, by the way, has become of M. Belfort—the miracle of tenor-singers, discovered by those sanguine gentlemen last autumn?—and who, by the present silence of all respecting him, seems as yet to be little more substantive than

"but a wandering voice."

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—The British public have now become acquainted, through the agency of Mr. Forrest, at his former and present visit, with two tragedies of American composition. The first of these, 'The Gladiator,' was, we recollect, a piece well constructed for stage effect, with some especially powerful scenes, calculated to exhibit the qualifications of the principal actor in the most striking manner. But not only the poetic faculty, but the art of writing verse was wanting in the author; and it accordingly soon took its place as an extended melo-drama which might serve the purpose of theatrical spectacle, but had small claim to literary consideration. The second piece—that now acting—is similar in kind, but inferior in execution. The hero, whose name it bears, is, too, a sort of gladiator in his way—"the last of the Wampanoags"—Metamora, or Metamocen,—the "Philip of Pokanoket" of Washington Irving's 'Sketch-Book,'—the defender of his native forests against the earliest settlers of New England. It is but fair to quote the character given of him by the novelist:—"He was a patriot attached to his native soil—a prince true to his subjects and indignant of their wrongs—a soldier daring in battle, firm in adversity, patient of fatigue, of hunger, of every variety of bodily suffering, and ready to perish in the cause he had espoused: proud of heart, with an untameable love of natural liberty, he preferred to enjoy it among the beasts of the forest, or in the dismal and furnished recesses of swamps and morasses, rather than how his haughty spirit to submission, and live independent and despised in the ease and luxury of the settlements. With heroic qualities and bold achievements that would have graced a civilized warrior, and have rendered him the theme of the poet and historian, he lived a wanderer and a fugitive in his native land, and went down like a lonely bark foundering amid darkness and tempest, without a pitying eye to weep his fall, or a friendly hand to record his struggle." This description is well realized in the hero of the play. The sense of wrong—the stoical endurance—the sentiment of revenge, contrasted with occasional patience under suffering, and the natural piety of the savage, are skilfully and powerfully drawn out. The diction in which his thoughts and feelings are expressed is also for the most part judiciously selected, and we have the figurative eloquence of the royal Indian prudently symbolized. Successively and successfully he is exhibited as a husband, a father, a warrior, and a king; and in each blends the opposite extremes of tenderness and ferocity, vehement affection and wild hate; but, throughout all the changes of his fortune, ever conscious of the presence of the Great Spirit, whom he worships with equal fidelity, whether by his mysterious power doomed to life or death. His brave and solitary defiance of his assembled foes, when standing untended within their council-chamber, sacrificing in their very presence the traitor of his tribe who had sold his country to the pale-faced Puritans, pouring out before them a torrent of adjurations and maledictions, and finally dashing down the war-axe into the floor immediately previous to his exit, presents a scene equally natural, dramatic, and effective. Nor were the other scenes in which Metamora himself appears unworthy of companionship with this. But here our praise must end. The remainder of the drama, consisting of an underplot, relative to an exiled regicide and his daughter and her lover, the son of Sir Arthur Vaughan, and the mystery that veils until the fifth act the relation between parent and child, was altogether the poorest and worst combined rubbish

ever written. We can scarcely believe that the author of the one set of scenes was the author of the other, such is the disparity between their style and execution. In making this remark, we are rating the whole merely as a melo-drama, though pompously inflated into five acts; but simply in that point of view, the discrepancy is almost unparalleled in dramatic composition, which is fruitful enough of anomalies even in its highest labours. Such barrenness of invention in the materials, such an ignorance of construction in the treatment, were never, perhaps, more egregiously betrayed. We are afraid, therefore, that 'Metamora' is doomed to do even less than was done by 'Spartacus' for the dramatic reputation of the New World. But the reasons are sufficiently obvious why dramatic genius in America cannot yet have existence. The objectionable parts, however, might be all removed from the play, and the performance would gain by the excision. The piece, in fact, is manifestly written for one performer: it is nothing more than a mono-drama, and it matters not what becomes of the scenes in which the hero is absent. The aim of the author was so evidently and expressly to fit Mr. Forrest at all points, that it becomes superfluous to criticize his performance. If the red man be such as the author has portrayed him, then is Mr. Forrest beyond question the red man; for the writer had him in his eye in every line which he has compiled for his delivery; he had from the first identified the character with the actor. What Mr. Forrest had to do was to bring forth all the peculiarities of his style, all the resources of his craft, without selection or reserve; thus best would he fulfil the design of his author in assembling every one of his effects in a single part. Those who wish, therefore, to understand at once the whole that Mr. Forrest can do, may now gratify their wish by witnessing 'Metamora.' We find that we have left but small space for the "new grand Oriental melodramatic burlesque," founded on G. M. Lewis's famous 'Timour the Tartar'; this, however, we regret the less for to occupy a line in advertising on a thing so worthless were absurd.

The most elegant and witty of Shakspeare's comedies, 'Much Ado About Nothing,' was produced on Thursday evening, to give Miss Cushman an opportunity of appearing as the representative of *Beatrice*. Little indebted to the Spanish romance from which he derived the serious part of his plot, the poet mainly depended on the original comic characters with which his unaided genius has enriched and varied the scenes in its dramatic development. Failing or not caring to excite strongly our interest for *Hero* and her lover, Shakspeare succeeded to admiration in so depicting the creatures of his own fancy, *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, *Dogberry* and *Verges*, as to charm us with the vivacity and railery, the humour and absurdity of the dialogues and incidents in which they partake, and of which we know not whether to prefer the brilliancy and ingenuity, or the kindness and *bonhomie*. *Benedick* and *Beatrice* are in particular beautiful creations; imaginary haters of marriage, because the theme has become the ordinary topic of their satire; their similarity is made most philosophically the ground of an apparent antagonism, and thus opportunity given for a wit-combat between the friendly litigants, equally remarkable for its inveteracy and good humour. The absence of all bitterness prepares us for the final reconciliation of the parties; and we should be, indeed, disappointed if two amiable, though somewhat perverse beings, so well matched in disposition and feeling, were not at last made happy in that union, which it is from the first evident they only affect to despise. Accomplished, generous, brave, and virtuous, both enlist from the beginning the best sympathies in their favour; we wish them well throughout their merry trial—the dash of earnestness that at length comes over it, serves but to deepen and confirm the interest already excited—and we cannot help rejoicing in their ultimate triumph, as that of two eccentric companions who have made themselves unexpectedly agreeable, on a short excursion in which there has been more of sunshine than of shade—some few minutes of cloud only to as many hours of delightful enjoyment. The manner in which this play, like others, has been revived at this theatre, does no credit to the management; the scenery and appointments being execrable, and the performers turned loose on the stage without sufficient rehearsal. Only the four

pure Shaksperian characters, *Benedick* (Mr. Wallack), *Beatrice* (Miss Cushman), *Dogberry* (Mr. Compton), and *Verges* (Mr. Oxberry), have escaped without serious injury; but these could not be now better performed anywhere. Mr. Wallack is the only actor left on the metropolitan boards who has the slightest pretension to enact the gentleman of comedy; and Miss Cushman showed her usual decision and purpose in the assumption of the character of *Beatrice*—qualities in which, at present, she has not only no rival, but no competitor. Her acting, notwithstanding some too obvious mannerism, was spirited, overflowing with mirth, yet chaste, marked with maidenly reserve, and even in the very riot of wit or humour not overstepping the limits of good manners. These merits are rare, and indicate so much judgment in the actress, that, with her talents, we have no doubt of the continuance, and even increase, of her popularity. It would be superfluous to praise either Mr. Compton or Mr. Oxberry: the former gentleman is the most classic of low comedians, and must be seen to be appreciated. For the rest, as we have intimated, silence is mercy; but the want of control and regulation—nay, even of ordinary care—in the production of the legitimate drama at this sometime operatic theatre is an experiment on the patience of an English audience, which almost deserves laudation for its hardy audacity and reckless daring.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—*French Plays.*—We can merely, this week, announce the re-appearance, at the French Play, of *Mlle. Plesny*:—also the *début* of a star, piquant and bright in its minor way—*Mlle. Ozy*. We ought now to be hearing some news (according to the programme) of the new play of M. Alexandre Dumas, which was to be given when the classical actors of the *Théâtre Français* arrived. And M. Dumas has been in London, Rumour says, on an errand worth commemorating—nothing less than a meditated translation of 'Macbeth,' and has had an interview thereupon with Mr. Macready. This, from his notoriously slight acquaintance with our language and literature, might seem a hazardous task, to those unacquainted with the fact, that M. Dumas has a literary atelier; and of course in it, an "oversetter" of Shakspeare.

MISCELLANEA

Curious Meteor.—On Saturday night last, at 11h. 50m. London mean time, the sky being perfectly clear, and the stars shining with a steady light, my attention, after taking a cursory view of the heavens, and also a few observations of the comparative brilliancy of the stars in the neighbourhood of Arc-turus, was suddenly attracted by the appearance of a faint light in the constellation of Canis Venaticæ, similar to a small nebula of about the magnitude of a 4th mag. star, but of a distinct yellow colour. Knowing that part of the heavens well, I was immediately struck by the appearance, and hastily procured my telescope to bear upon it, though a low power, yet possessing great penetration and plenty of light; without distortion it appeared like four small stars, with a nebula in the centre of an orange hue: from Alpha Canis Venaticæ it moved slowly towards Coma Berenice, getting more brilliant. I followed it for about 2m., when it faded away in R. A. 12h. 2m. Dec. 10° 5' N.; its elevation above the earth was probably considerable, but not discoverable from a single observation. It would be very interesting to know whether it has been seen at any other part of the country, in order to obtain the precise elevation. The subject of meteors is one of curious interest. It is amazing how much might be done in this interesting subject by private gentlemen to extend the boundaries of our knowledge. Persons stationed in lighthouses would have a very pleasing and agreeable employment by hourly noting the state of the sky and wind; it would help to drive away that ennui and discomfort which arise from a forced inactivity. The number of lighthouses round our coast would render these observations of great practical importance.

I am, &c.

J. T. GODDARD.

Quantity of Rain.—In your number for Feb. 22nd, [No. 904, p. 192] at the end of your Report of the

MR. NEWBY'S NEW WORKS IN THE PRESS.

On the 1st of May, price One Shilling.

THE TRAVELLERS' MAGAZINE

AND

REVIEW OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Presuming our title sufficiently explains the nature of our periodical, without further exordium, we will briefly declare our intentions.

To publish, on the 1st of every month, a Magazine, through the pages of which a new and direct line of communication between Travellers abroad—Travellers at home—the "utmost parts of the earth"—and our own friends, will be established.

Being well aware of the lively interest with which the public regard the peregrinations of our Travellers, from "Indus to the Pole," and how deeply the periodical press is indebted to Travellers for the most interesting papers published, we are amazed to think that amidst the full tide of periodicals, rejecting under various titles—the organs of society or sect—there is not one Magazine upon which a Traveller can boldly lay his hand and say—

"Here's a page for me."

And so firmly do we feel convinced that such a periodical is actually required, that even now, at the eleventh hour, we resolve to start the TRAVELLERS' MAGAZINE.

It will contain Reviews, and Notices of such New Works as we consider worthy of attention, and any information we may deem interesting and useful to young, and perhaps to old, Travellers.

We do not like to promise more than we can well perform; we have chosen a wide field, and, in common with every British subject, and British Traveller, can say with all sincerity—

"Ye glittering towms, with wealth and splendour crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine—
Creation's heir—the world—the world is mine!"

And seriously speaking in sober prose, when we consider how far our national prosperity has advanced, and is still advancing, let us audaciously acknowledge how much we are indebted for the position we hold among the nations of the earth—to the Traveller! The enterprising British Traveller—braving dangers—scurrying privations and difficulties innumerable—exploring new realms hitherto deemed barbarous, inaccessible, or marked upon the map of the world as unknown. We cannot speak of the honours or rewards that await the Traveller's return to his native land—his wanderings once revealed to the public eye, public attention and private interests are awakened—new outlets for British commerce—new sources of National Wealth are thrown open—the enterprising merchant follows in the Traveller's footsteps—the philanthropist, the man of letters, the artist follow; and finally, the men at the helm of public affairs steers in the Traveller's wake—greater results attend—British alliance, protection, or government, is eagerly sought for by a new people—and once nestled within the pale of British Laws, or sheltered by that banner, which has braved for centuries "the battle and the breeze," the slave bursts his bonds—the despot hurls down his iron sceptre in despair—

"While ev'n the peasant boasts those rights to claim,
And learns to venerate himself as man."

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